

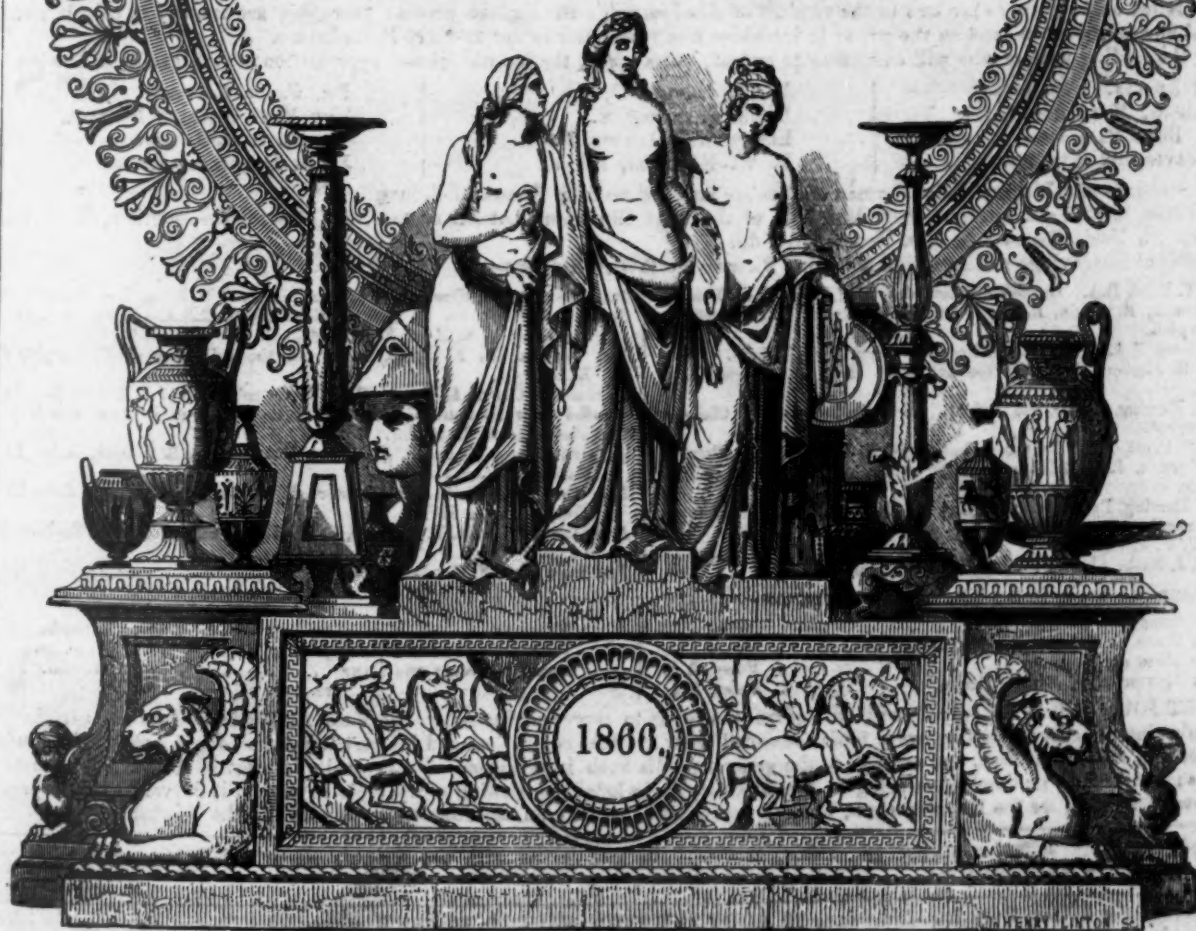
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OCTOBER.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ART-JOURNAL

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. EVENING IN THE MEADOWS. Engraved by J. COUSEN, from the Picture by F. R. LEE, R.A., and T. S. COOPER, A.R.A., in the National Gallery.
2. THE STUDENT. Engraved by E. GERVAIS, from the Picture by J. L. E. MEISSONIER.
3. CUPID. Engraved by J. THOMSON, from the Statue by SIR R. WESTMACOTT, R.A.

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DEDICATED, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Editor and the Proprietor of the ART-JOURNAL, with some degree of confidence, refer to their past efforts as evidence that they may be relied on for future exertions in the conduct of this Journal. During the present year they are enabled to calculate on the aid of several new contributors, and on the power to introduce many novelties in Art and Art-Manufacture.

Among the leading writers who will endeavour to extend, in its pages, the knowledge and appreciation of Art, are the following:—

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BRITANNIA UNVEILING AUSTRALIA . . . Halse.
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ETC. ETC.

The ART-JOURNAL is the only Journal in Europe that aims to represent the Arts—the Fine Arts and the Arts Industrial.

It contains intelligence concerning every topic connected with Art that can inform and interest the Artist, the Amateur, the Student, the Manufacturer, and the Artisan, and conveys to the general public such information as may excite interest in Art, in all its manifold ramifications; the duty of its Conductors being to communicate knowledge concerning every topic on which it is valuable—to produce not only a beautiful work for the Drawing-room, but one that shall be equally an accession to the Studio and the Workshop.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address, but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1866.

ETCHING.

BY PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.



THE efforts of the French *Société des Aquafortistes*, and the recent publication of Mr. Haden's etchings in England, have drawn public attention towards etching as practised by painters. This art has hitherto occupied a very singular position, nor is there an instance of wider difference of feeling on any artistic question than that which exists between artists and the general public on the subject of etching. It is not too much to say that no artist worthy of the name looks upon etching with indifference; but it is also true that the vast majority, even of the exhibition-frequenting public, do not care for it. The very meaning of the word is, in general society, unknown. If you ask any well-dressed lady or gentleman what painting is, you will get an answer—you will be told that it is commonly pursued in two mediums, oil and water, and you may even hear some allusion to fresco. Everybody knows that a picture is usually produced by the application of oil-colour on canvas by means of brushes; and most people understand that a statue is either carved out of marble or cast in bronze; but if you ask a hundred persons belonging to the educated classes, and not in any way specially devoted to the study of the Fine Arts, the question, What is an etching? it is doubtful whether you would get so much as a definition of it. When a young lady says she "etches," it is a poetical way of informing us that she draws with pen and ink.

There are now, however, unequivocal indications of a change. A French publishing house, Messrs. Cadart and Luquet (Rue de Richelieu), have taken up etching as their speciality; and since the success of Mr. Haden's etchings, it is probable that even English publishers will look upon the art with a more favourable eye. A distinguished French etcher, M. Maxime Lalanne, has recently given us a valuable treatise on his art, and Mr. Haden has made public some results of his own experience in the last number of the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*. The present article has a similar object.

The principle of etching is exceedingly simple; its complexities and difficulties are due to the varieties of aim which in every art distinguish the skilled practitioner. Just so we might say that playing on the violin was in principle exceedingly simple; and so long as you confine yourself to the first position, and are contented with an

unmeaning sameness of delivery, violin playing is by no means difficult. The difficulties of the violin begin when we endeavour to give quality and significance to our performance, when we seek for variety of accent by scientific bowing, and by rapid changes of position avail ourselves of the whole range and resource of the instrument. And in etching there are means of effect as far removed from the first simple conception of the art as the *tremolo* and *staccato* of a finished violinist are from the plain scale-practice of a beginner.

We must start, however, with the first rude definition. As I might say that a violinist produced sound by the friction of a bow on a string stretched above a resonant wooden chamber, and varied his notes by reducing the length of the string with his fingers, so I may define etching as drawing with a point on a varnished copper-plate, so that the varnish is removed wherever the point glides, and then biting the lines, thus uncovered, with acid, so as to hollow them in the copper. But no one who cared about violin playing would rest satisfied with the degree of information conveyed in the first definition, and no one seriously interested in etching would stop short at the second. The lover of music would require some explanation of the marvellous effects that delighted him in the performances of Ernst or Joachim, and the student of etching would ask how a process so simple could produce results so various as the etchings of Whistler and Jacquemart, of Haden and Lalanne.

Taking it for granted, then, that every one who cares about etching at all will care enough about it to read patiently a detailed explanation of the process, I will say everything that is necessary for practical guidance.

First, as to the metal. Etching is done most commonly on copper, on steel not unfrequently, on zinc or brass rarely. Steel is not quite so convenient as copper, because the biting is rather more difficult to manage; and the plate, if carelessly kept, gets pitted with rust and is destroyed. One of the most beautiful steel engravings of modern times was lost in this manner. Zinc is very porous, and, consequently, cannot be bitten in very delicately, nor does it resist the friction of printing long, unless protected with copper by the electrotype process; it is good, however, for rough work on a large scale when few copies are wanted. English copper plates are usually good; hammer-beaten plates are the best. It is of consequence that the degree of porousness should be alike all over the plate. This may be judged of by letting a few drops of diluted acid remain on the margin, and then, after removing them, examining the roughened place with a glass. The hardness of copper may be judged of best by making a few strokes with the *burin* on the back of the plate; after a little practice on plates of different quality, one easily recognises hard or soft copper.

Suppose one plate satisfactory, and its surface faultless, we have now to varnish it. The great enemy of this operation is dust; and to avoid dust it is well to varnish a plate always in some room that has not been entered for at least twenty-four hours; a spare bed-room, for instance. For the same reason it is better to heat the plate by means of a spirit-lamp than before a fire. To hold our plate we have a small hand-vice, with a wooden handle, and we take care to insert a bit of paper or leather between the vice and the polished copper, so that no marks may be made. When the

plate is just so hot that a drop of water will run off it in a little dancing sphere, we apply the varnish. Etching-varnish is a solid black composition; there are twenty different recipes for making it, but it is best to get it ready made of Mr. Fenn, in Newgate Street, for his varnish is always to be relied upon. We wrap up a ball of this composition in silk, and taking good care that no bits of silk down fly loose, to prevent which it is a good plan to bring all the edges of the silk together and seal them with sealing-wax; we rub the ball on the plate till the varnish inside melts with the heat, and comes through the silk to the copper. If the plate is too hot the varnish bubbles and boils, and would then be too brittle on cooling, so we wait till it just melts in a nice undemonstrative manner. We do not need much varnish, and it does not in the least signify whether it is spread all over the plate, as that will be done by the dabber. The dabber is made of fine silk or kid leather, stuffed with cotton wool, surrounding an innermost ball of loose horse-hair to give spring. The dabber should be perfectly clean, and it is well to have three or four of them ready together. The plate should not be allowed to cool whilst we are dabbing it, because if it did, the varnish would be apt to cake round the dabber in little rough excrescences, which, in their turn, would soon roughen the varnish remaining on the plate. The dabber, too, should be kept warm by holding it occasionally over the spirit-lamp. If the varnish is too thick, lay down the dabber and take a fresh one, and yet another, if necessary, till only just enough varnish remains on the plate. The copper ought to shine through the varnish with its colour subdued to a red golden brown, but with its metallic lustre little impaired. If the copper is bare anywhere, it will be in little spots like pin points, or tiny flecks of dust, and their presence may be detected by rapidly moving the plate in the light. If there are any of these, more varnish must be added, and the dabbing repeated. Next comes the smoking. The best thing for smoking a plate is a twist of twenty bees' wax dips. To make these dips, take sixteen coarse cotton threads and twist them together into a sort of loosely made string. Pass this through molten bees' wax two or three times, till it is a quarter of an inch thick. Suppose you have twenty feet of this, cut it into lengths of one foot. Put them in a bath of warm water till they will bend in any direction without breaking, then twist them all together into a bit of stout cable. Provide yourself with a hollow tin cone a foot high, a thing just like an extinguisher, push your twist down to the bottom of this so as to make it stand up like the pistil and stamens of a daffodil. Now light the twenty ends, and the hot wax that will drip from them will all be caught in the apex of your tin cone instead of running down on your fingers. You will get a large quantity of good black smoke; hold your plate over it, passing it gently in every direction, till, instead of a golden brown, it becomes black. To extinguish your smoker it is better not to blow it out, because that might cause particles of burnt wick to fly about, and so be as bad as dust. Have a lid for its open end, and put the lid on as an extinguisher. Now examine your smoked plate as it cools. If the smoker has been brought too near it, or kept too long under one spot, it may have burnt the varnish, and burnt varnish will chip under the needle, or at any rate make much broader lines than you wish for. To know the look of burnt varnish and its inconveniences, the best way is to spoil some



on purpose. It is dull, you will perceive, though it does not always follow that every dull place is necessarily burnt; sometimes the dullness is due to a little extra smoke, and does not affect the practical result. If you have doubts, make a stroke or two with the etching needle in the dullest place, and if any chipping takes place, or if the line seems too broad and clear—if the needle detaches a greater breadth of varnish there than in other places, then the plate must be well cleaned with turpentine and fine whitening, and varnished over again.

If the plate has been really well varnished, its surface will be perfectly even, very black, and neither dull nor yet very bright. The varnish will be thin, and of the same depth all over. The etching-needle will glide quite freely in every direction.

While the plate is hot, varnish the under side of it also; we shall see why presently.

Next, as to the choice of needles. They must not be so sharp as to cut the copper, and yet be sharp enough to admit of very delicate work. Mr. Haden advocates the use of a very heavy needle, a piece of iron rod sharpened at both ends in different degrees. The advantage of this is, that its own weight cuts through the varnish to the plate, and yet does not cut the copper; whereas with a light needle we have to press to get through the varnish, and it is difficult to keep up a regularity of pressure, so that we are apt occasionally to press so lightly that the varnish is not quite penetrated, and at other times so heavily that the copper itself is cut into. At this point the reader must be requested to fix clearly in his mind one thing about etchings, and a very peculiar thing. Accent in etching, unlike accent in pencil-drawing, is never got by variety of pressure, but by variety of breadth of line or depth of biting. The great quality of pressure in etching is not that it be various, but on the contrary, that it be firm and equal. Mr. Haden's heavy needle secures this, and I have adopted it in my own practice. There is but one thing to be said against it, a thinner instrument is preferable for delicate etching, because the very thickness of Mr. Haden's needle prevents one from seeing the work of the point so conveniently as might be desirable. For close etching I prefer a fine sewing-needle, inserted in a heavy brass holder, or in a tube filled with lead.

All beginners in etching experience some difficulty on account of the visible effect of their work being always in negative, white lines representing black. It is very difficult to persuade them at first that this is one of the very least difficulties of the art, a difficulty which, after a little practice, will vanish of itself. It is just as easy to work in negative as in positive when we are accustomed to it; and beginners should persuade themselves of this, and believe it as an article of faith till practice has confirmed it, which in time it most assuredly will.

When you etch in the house it is necessary to have a sheet of tracing paper stretched on a light wooden frame, and sloped towards you from your window so as to cast a tempered light over the plate. By preventing glitter in the lines, this enables you to see all the lines at once, which in the light of an ordinary room cannot else be done. Out of doors, when you etch directly from nature, you may dispense with this precaution, as the common white sketching umbrella produces nearly the same effect.

We now enter upon the most difficult and complex considerations in the whole

theory of etching; and it unfortunately happens that to follow them out to good purpose, etched illustrations would be indispensable. However, some hint of the matter may be given in words.

Our present business is with the quality of the etched line. Its first merit is rapidity. An etcher may take as much time as he likes in settling where his line is to go, but once the point on the copper it must glide swiftly if the line is to be worth anything. This seems to be due to the slipperiness of the copper; a rapid line on paper may be better than a slow line, but it is not absolutely essential that a pencil line should be swift. A slow and hesitating line on varnished copper betrays weakness along its whole length; every slight vibration of the timid hand is recorded on it. So that the first virtue of an etcher is decision; the decision which comes of knowledge. I have not seen Méryon etch, but those who have say that the firm, precise way in which he lays a line is something quite marvellous, and yet Méryon is not a great producer, and he often keeps a plate a long time in hand. Mr. Haden attaches such importance to rapidity (and unity of feeling), that he likes none of his etchings so well as those done at one sitting. Whether you keep an etching long in hand like Méryon, or do it at once like Haden, every line where you lay it must be unhesitating.

Again, since an etched line, if of good quality, is agreeable to look at, and since etching depends altogether upon lines, there should be no affectation of concealing them. On the contrary, they may be shown with advantage everywhere, and turned to account to express the character of objects. If you look at one of Méryon's buildings, you will see how he understands this. Take, for instance, the 'Tourelle, rue de la Tixeranderie.' The lines of the sky are horizontal, but those of the chimneys are either perpendicular or else inclined as if by perspective, and when there is a narrow projection of any kind it is sure to be marked by shading of a different character. In the roofs, the mere edges of the tiles, faithfully given, afford by their multiplicity a shade, and are preferred to any other and more unmeaning lines for shading. Perpendicular walls are generally shaded with vertical lines to express height and stiffness, but there is a marked exception in the shadow cast by the 'Tourelle,' which is all shaded diagonally in the exact direction in which it is thrown. The same is done for the shadow cast by a small window-ledge. The thickness of the wall in window and doorway is always shaded by horizontal lines thrown into perspective, which is the perspective of the stones of which the walls are built. The 'Tourelle' itself is shaded in the direction of the courses of its stones to express roundness. When we come to the massive stones near the ground in the narrow little street we find some of them shaded perpendicularly, others horizontally, to keep their individuality; and in the shadow on the door, the direction of the grain of the wood is indicated, though this, perhaps, is slightly puerile. The road is shaded by lines which traverse it, and the wall which supports the road by perpendicular ones, except a few stones to the right, which are horizontal. The general principle observed is to make all the lines for shading belong to and express the perspective of the things they shade, and to convey, further, as much of their nature as possible, and especially their differences. In one word, Méryon's shading is almost always in the highest degree explanatory,

and that is why his etchings seem so clear and bright. His graphic language has the great merit of lucidity, but this lucidity is evidently studied.

It is quite necessary for beginners to have by them a small collection of good etchings, unless they live in London and can refer to the etchings in the British Museum. Méryon's buildings and Haden's foliage are the best in modern art, and some members of our own etching club have done some very beautiful figure work, though I think they usually try too much for polish in execution—a habit into which they have fallen very naturally from their turn for book illustration, and the consequently small scale of their work.

Daubigny has done some very fine etchings, which is a curious thing to say of a man who cannot draw at all accurately; however, it is the fact that his etchings are fine in quality, and since nothing can be simpler than his execution, they are particularly good models for inexperienced etchers. The etchings of Maxime Lalanne are also admirable, except one or two of his small plates. He has the gift of a very elegant taste, indeed, no etcher who ever lived has the quality of elegance to so high a point as Lalanne. Mr. Whistler's etchings are also amongst the few which a beginner ought to lose no opportunity of studying; they are not easily procurable, but Mr. Whistler may, perhaps, make up his mind to publish them some day. They are very observant, in an original way, and often singularly delicate in execution, with a minute picturesqueness unrivalled in the art. Of the old etchers, Rembrandt, as all acknowledge, is the sovereign prince. His etchings have all the qualities and all the defects of his pictures, and also, what more immediately concerns us now, the technical qualities of etching in the highest perfection. The student ought to have, at least, a few photographs of the best of them.

From this digression, not unnecessary in its place, we return to our practical work. We were talking about the quality of the etched line. Now there are three ways of obtaining darks in etching; the lines may be broad, or they may be numerous, or they may be deep. Lalanne has a theory, confirmed by the practice of many good workmen, that for distances lines ought to be close, and delicate, and shallow; the work becoming more open, the lines thicker, and the biting deeper as we approach the foreground. If you want very dark passages in the distance, you must get them by multiplicity of lines. There is a difference between Méryon's execution and Lalanne's in the way they lay lines for shade: Méryon almost always waves them a little, from his antipathy to a perfectly straight line. Lalanne does not intentionally undulate his lines, but gives them a just perceptible curvature. In any case it is well to remember that the one inadmissible line is a ruled line, because that has no life in it; and though it may sound odd, it is the fact, that a free line very nearly straight expresses straightness better than a ruled line which is quite straight. The reader ought to be warned against a yet more destructive instrument even than the parallel ruler. Some etchers get impatient of the labour involved in shading with a single point, and so split a lead pencil where it is glued, insert half a dozen needles between the two halves like the teeth of a comb, and fasten them together again. With six points running side by side, it seems as if broad shades could be laid in one sixth of the time. O, fatal economy! The points do, indeed, shade rapidly, but as the artist has not six minds,

one for each point, and as the points are all tied fast together, it follows that the work they do is just as stupid as, and far more injurious than, would be repetition in a printed book, in which every line was printed six times over. I say more injurious, because in a book so printed, we could, at least, skip the five repetitions, but in an etching the spectator has no such resource, and the five echoes of the line are five discords in the work.

To sum up the necessary merits of an etched line: it must be decisive, rapid, explanatory, and alive. Dead lines are those which are either produced mechanically with a ruler, or mindlessly without one. Many of the lines in popular engravings are dead, and if any such intrude in etching they poison it.

In the course of our work it is as well to brush away the particles of removed varnish with a feather or camel-hair brush, and to prick a cushion with the needle to clear them from its point.

A few modern etchers take their plates out of doors, and work directly from nature. Direct work from nature is peculiarly adapted to the genius of etching, which is, in the highest degree, sensitive and impressionable, and a thousand little things, precious as indications of character, are easily noted directly from nature which escape the strongest memory in the studio. Nothing marks a natural incapacity for etching like insensitiveness to these little things. Again, since an etching is always the better for being rapidly done, since an etching done at one sitting is better for the very brevity of the work, there is not the objection in this case about the changing of natural effects, an objection fatal to finished work from nature in oil. If you do subjects that people know and care about, you must reverse them; and for that purpose carry with you a small mirror, which you may set up on a movable branch like the candlestick of a music stand, and fix it to your drawing board. When the subject is one that nobody takes any interest in, there is no necessity for reversing it, and it is always pleasanter to work without the mirror, which has a tendency to make our work rather like photography, for it is a curious fact that the excitement produced in the mind by a natural scene is not produced to anything like the same extent by the reflection of the same scene in a mirror, and this excitement is the source of all artistic expression.

When our etching is completed so far as drawing is concerned, it is only half done, for the biting still remains, and this is the most hazardous operation of all. You may use nitric acid diluted with twice its weight of water, or an equal mixture of water and acid, or any other mixture of the two that suits you. In cold weather you will need a strong bath; in warm weather a much weaker one will produce the same result. In your early practice, you ought to have a small experimental plate at hand to try your bath, noting the time required for different tints. Mr. Haden does not use nitric acid, but the following, which I have his kind permission to publish:—

	Grammes.
Acid Hydrochloric	12
Water	63
Potash, Chlor.	2
Boiling water	18
	100

The boiling water is to dissolve the potash separately before mixing with the rest. This mordant is superior to nitric acid, from its clearness and regularity of biting,

and also because it needs no attention, whereas in biting with acid, one has to be constantly removing bubbles. Mr. Haden's mordant is slow, and the darker parts of a plate may be left in it for several hours. He himself often etches his plate from beginning to end in the bath. If you mention this to any old-fashioned etcher, he will set down Mr. Haden as an eccentric, and you and me as weak people easily imposed upon by novelties. There is, however, a very excellent reason for Mr. Haden's extraordinary proceeding. A great difficulty in the ordinary system of etching consists in stopping out, which I have now to explain. When a plate has been long enough in the bath to give the required tone to its lighter parts, it is taken out and dried, then all these sufficiently-bitten parts are painted over with varnish to protect them from farther biting, and the plate is replaced in the bath. This operation may have to be repeated several times. The difficulty of it consists in this, that to stop out every line we would have pale *without* stopping out some line we wish to have darker, is all but impossible, and plates stopped out three or four times usually betray three or four distinct stages of biting, so losing that quiet imperceptible gradation which is desirable. Now, Mr. Haden imagined that if the plates were etched from first to last in the bath, the trouble and difficulty of stopping out might be altogether dispensed with, and a regular gradation ensured. With his mordant, a plate may remain four hours immersed; in four hours there is time to do an etching. We begin with the extreme darks, and gradually work our way to tints intended to be paler, always taking care to work in regular progression from dark to pale; at the very last we leave our palest line for a few minutes, and then the plate may be taken out and dried, and the varnish removed at once. It will then be found that it is bitten with a graduated depth, no two lines having precisely the same intensity; and if the work has been done in its right order, the result will be such as can be attained in no other way, such as *no* stopping out, however frequently repeated, could by any possibility reach. So we now see that Mr. Haden did not plan this new "dodge" out of bravado, but for a sound, artistic reason, and if we applaud, it is not from the love of novelty, but from the love of art. On the other hand, it is to be observed that Mr. Haden's process is quite unsuited to hesitating workmen, to all workmen, in short, who have to *correct* what they do, and it naturally does better for landscape sketching, where errors in form are of little consequence, than it would for figure design, where they must be corrected at any cost. There is an excellent reason for it, the immeasurable superiority of its gradation in force; and there is a serious objection to it, the impossibility of correcting and polishing defective work. For vivid and masterly improvisation, Mr. Haden's process is far better than successive bitings and stoppings-out; but for what is considered highly-finished etching, for the kind of etching in which the English school has hitherto chiefly exercised itself, the process is altogether unsuited.*

The best varnish for stopping out is Brunswick black; the best, I mean, that I have tried, though I have little doubt that ordinary etching varnish dissolved in chloroform would be more convenient, as on drying, which it would do very rapidly, it

would present exactly the same substance as the varnish already on the plate, and so permit the artist to work in it with the needle, which is often very necessary. This reminds me that etchers who find the old-fashioned system of varnishing plates too troublesome, may avoid it by dissolving the varnish in chloroform, and spreading it cold on the plate exactly as collodion is spread on glass by photographers. If you have not practised the collodion process, this may offer a little difficulty at first. Pour the varnish in the middle of the plate until it makes a round pool extending nearly to the sides. You hold the plate by a corner, and first incline it so that the varnish runs towards your thumb; when the varnish nearly touches your thumb (or the hand vice, if you employ it), you incline the plate towards the other corner nearest you, and when that is covered, towards the corner *diagonally* opposite the one you hold; finally, you pour off the superfluous varnish into a bottle by the fourth corner, and holding the plate at right angles to the floor move it rapidly so that first a long edge and then a short edge shall be vertical. If you do this well, and if there is no dust on the plate or in the room, nor any particle of foreign matter in your bottle, you will obtain an absolutely perfect surface, and the varnish will be just of the right thickness, but if you do it unskilfully, or in a dusty room, you will either have a double thickness of varnish where it has twice flowed over the same place, or else, which is as bad, little lumps with lines of thicker varnish flowing from them on each side. If these occur clean the plate with turpentine and try again.

Some artists have been so troubled with the difficulty of working in negative that they have tried different ways of making etching answer in positive. For my own part I do not perceive the inconvenience, but every beginner feels it strongly. Perhaps something might be done by staining the copper black, using white varnish and covering this with a coat of Chinese white, but the Chinese white would have to be very thin, or it would impede the needle and come off in little broken cakes. Perhaps white might be more easily attained by powdering the varnish, when nearly set, with some white powder, or if anybody would invent an opaque milkwhite etching varnish, that might answer the purpose. The needle, however, would have to be blunt in order not to scratch through the stained surface of the copper. There is no metal which, on being cut into, is black. It would be very possible to etch on thick slabs of black marble, but there would be practical difficulties in the printing.

Suppose our plate bitten, and the varnish cleaned away with turpentine, the next thing to be done is to get a proof of it. If the reader lives in the country, and at a considerable distance from some large town, it is likely that he will suffer much inconvenience in getting proofs. Every one who etches ought to have a press in his own house and take proofs frequently during the progress of his plates, but as presses are rather expensive things, most amateurs struggle on without one. To overcome this inconvenience I have invented a cheap press, but as it is not yet finished will say no more about it for the present, promising, however, a full description of it in this Journal if it answers the purpose. Meanwhile several ways of taking proofs may be described by which a solitary amateur may get some notion of the state of his plate. The best of these is by a plaster cast. You ink the plate with the ink used for copper-

* In Mr. Haden's process, the needle, of course, is varnished.

plate printing, heating it first, and taking good care that all the lines are well filled, then removing the superfluous ink with a piece of muslin and the large muscle of your thumb. This done, you make with paste and paper a tray an inch deep, just large enough to receive the plate. Lay the plate at the bottom of the tray. Take plaster of Paris in powder and throw it in a gentle shower into a basin half-full of water, let it settle, and pour off the superfluous water. Stir the plaster well together, and pour it on the plate till the paper tray is filled. Let it stand half-an-hour. The plaster being now well set, tear the paper all away, turn the cast over so that the plate is uppermost, and remove the plate gently. If you have done your work well, and if the plaster was of good quality, you will have a beautiful proof of your etching in black ink on white plaster, which is just as good as having it on white paper. Half the success of a proof of this kind depends on the quality of the plaster, and it is not always easy for persons living in the country to procure good plaster. If it has been exposed for some time to the air it will not set properly, and then you will never get a proof worth anything. Again, plaster which is good enough for common purposes is not good enough for this. If you take casts, have your plaster sent to you from London, at short intervals, in a soldered canister, and of the best and finest quality procurable.

Another way of getting a proof, recommended by Lalanne, is to cover a sheet of paper with a thin film of white wax, and then to powder the plate with lampblack, wiping it, but leaving the lines full; having placed the paper on the plate, with the waxed side towards it, and folded the margin behind the plate all round so as to keep the paper quite steady, he takes a burnisher and rubs the paper all over. This done, the paper is removed and displays a proof of the etching, often very clear, but rarely so good as the plaster one. If the wax is at all unskillfully laid so as to be thicker in some parts than others, the proof is sure to be bad, as the wax will stick to the plate in those parts and leave white spaces on the proof. The best way to cover the paper with wax is to dissolve it in turpentine and apply it with a brush, and tracing paper is the best paper to use. Lalanne finds this process satisfactory, but I decidedly prefer plaster, and warn the reader that before succeeding with wax he is likely to be often disappointed.

Having obtained a proof of some kind, we are sure to discover defects in our plate, some parts will be too light and others too dark, there may be some faults of drawing which cannot be allowed to pass, and whole passages may seem poor. Nothing will strike the beginner more than the difference between the rich look of the plate and the poverty of the proof: the glitter of the metal makes the difference.

It is not difficult to correct an etching, but there is always the danger that a much-corrected plate will lose freshness and vivacity, so that I would rather in many cases let a fault go and leave the critics to suppose that I knew no better, than correct it and lose a quality so valuable that it is cheaply bought at the cost of many imperfections. However, it often happens that a correction *must* be done, and so we must learn how to do it. The passage must be faulty in one of three ways, either it is too light, or it is too dark, or its drawing has to be altered.

First, suppose the passage too light. Either we may re-varnish the whole plate

with a pale transparent varnish and work again over the passages we want to be darker, or else we may cover the surface of the plate with varnish, leaving the lines clear of it, and, after stopping out all of the plate which satisfies us, rebite. This varnishing of the polished surface only is not very easy, and in Paris there is a man who makes it his speciality, so that Parisian etchers seldom trouble themselves to do it. To effect it you have a carefully made roller as long as your plate is broad, and well mounted thus, with a wooden handle, and metal frame and axle:—

Handle {
Roller.

Your roller should be perfectly turned and covered with kid leather so well that the joining of the leather is imperceptible. Varnish another plate exactly as if you were going to etch upon it, and whilst it is hot pass your roller over it two or three times till the leather is charged equally with varnish. Then pass it over your etched plate, which should be previously cleaned with turpentine and fine whitening and bread to the utmost attainable degree of cleanliness. The plate should also be warmed. Pass the roller in different directions till the surface of your plate is varnished. If the operation has been well done, and your roller well made and your plate level, the surface alone will be covered. You may then paint the back with Brunswick black and stop out all parts of the plate which are perfectly satisfactory, after which rebite. The objection is, that however carefully we do this, the finest lines of all are filled, and so a rebitten plate never looks quite like a plate bitten successfully the first time. It is always the deepest lines, that is those which *least* need rebiting, that are sure to be rebitten.

On the other hand shading done over the previous work by etching in white varnish often destroys the freshness of a plate by too great multiplicity of lines. White varnish is, I believe, supplied by most dealers in etching materials. Banking wax will do, though it is rather liable to chip in cold weather: the addition of a little white wax would correct this tendency.

Banking wax reminds me of a modern improvement which I ought to mention. It was formerly employed to make a little wall round the plate and convert it into a temporary reservoir into which acid might be poured. This gave a good deal of trouble, for without great care the acid was sure to make its way somewhere between the wall and the plate. The practice of photography has suggested a better plan. A porcelain tray, like those used by photographers, contains the acid bath,* and we varnish the plate on both sides and plunge the whole of it in the acid. To take it out you may use india-rubber finger-gloves, or by passing tape through melted etching varnish you may at once obtain bands which when made into loops will carry your plate, and may be left with it in the acid. Bands of india-rubber are better.

In case you should happen to run short of chloroform and Brunswick black, you may be glad to know that common printers' ink is a capital stopper out, except that you cannot do any work in it with the needle. It has the advantage that there is no occasion to wait for its drying, but you may plunge your plate in the acid again as soon

* A wooden tray varnished with sealing-wax dissolved in spirits of wine does perfectly well and has two advantages—1st. It may be made of any required size. 2nd. It is not brittle, and so may be carried anywhere, a reason for employing it when etching from nature in the acid.

as ever you like. French stopping-out varnish, which is sold on purpose, dries rather slowly, so that if you have to stop out often your plate may take a week to bite. Etching varnish dissolved in turpentine is equally objectionable.

Let us now suppose our faulty passage too dark. It may be made paler very easily. Take a piece of perfectly made charcoal (willow charcoal is the best, but oak well chosen will do) and rub the part you desire to have paler. You might rub it out altogether if you kept at it. Charcoal has a curious affinity for metal, and if you look at it after rubbing the plate never so little, you will see metallic copper on it. For the same reason powdered charcoal passed through a fine sieve and made into a paste with olive oil is the best thing to clean a plate with, but it must not be used too often, as it would wear it.

Finally, if there is some glaring, unpardonable defect in drawing, the passage must be completely erased. To accomplish this you may use the scraper, sand-paper, and charcoal, and polish the place with fine emery-paper, concluding with the burnisher, which must itself be kept in a condition of high polish. It is as well to have by you a slab of thick steel, the size of the largest plates you use, with a surface planed perfectly level by some good machine maker, and polished. If you have, as is likely, considerably hollowed your plate where you have erased the passage, you may now bring it up to the old level. Take a pair of callipers, and mark on the back of the plate the spot you have reduced. Put the plate face downwards on the steel slab. Give a few sharp blows with a polished hammer on the marked place. Skilful plate-planers will take any part of your work out that you may desire, and return your plate with the defective portion blank, polished, and at the old level.

The dry point is often used for finishing, and has been called the glazing of the art, not inappropriately, as the dry point gives to etching much of that richness and transparency which transparent colour gives to oil painting. The dry point is merely a strong etching needle, sharpened in a particular way. You cut the lines in the copper itself, instead of merely cutting them in the varnish. In using the dry point as a finish to etching, it is well to remove, in a great measure, the bur. The bur is a little ridge of copper ploughed up by the point, which acts doubly in cutting a trench and raising a bank. The bur is removed with the scraper, which ought to run at right angles to the line; consequently you ought to use the scraper continually in the progress of your work, and not wait until you have got lines crossing each other. Let your scraper be very sharp, and sharpen your point also continually upon an oil stone. If you give it not a perfect point, but a little *edge*, it will be none the worse, and though as sharp as possible, it is better to sharpen it at rather an obtuse angle than at a very acute one.

The dry point is often used alone; and though a dry point engraving can scarcely be called quite strictly an etching, yet since etchings and dry points are usually comprised under the generic name "etching," I may speak of pure dry points in this place. A dry point is at once distinguishable from an etched plate by a certain velvety appearance due to the bur. In a pure dry point the bur is looked to as the main source of effect, and is carefully saved from the scraper in all those parts of the work that are intended to be rich and dark.

Nothing can exceed the rich look of a fine dry point; and etching proper cannot compete with it in this quality. There is also a marvellous delicacy in the finer shades attainable with the dry point. The student should take care to do all his paler parts first, because he removes the bur from these, reserving for later work those lines which are intended to keep their bur. It is easy, whilst the plate is in progress, to see how it is advancing without taking a proof. Mix common tallow with lamp black, and rub your plate with this as you work. It will be caught everywhere by the bur, and present to you exactly the appearance of a proof.

Whilst admitting the points of superiority in the dry point, its wonderful richness and delicacy, we must consider it far inferior to etching in freedom. For instance, throw a tangled thread on the table and copy it, first in etching, then with the dry point; the etching needle will quite easily follow every twist of the thread, but with the dry point such a task would be ten times, a hundred times as difficult. Or if you try to write on the copper with a dry point, you will find that it catches, and slips where you don't want it to go, whereas the etching needle is even freer than the pen, and you may write an autograph letter with it which shall have every minute peculiarity of your hand. Anything like a straight line, or a steady, pure curve, is easy in dry point; capricious lines are difficult. Hence it is a much slower process than etching, and more fatiguing.

It ought to be observed that the amount of bur produced depends very much on the inclination of the point. If you lean the holder far down to your right, you will raise a high bur; if you hold it straight up you will raise very little. Between these two you will get every variety of bur; and a skilful workman avails himself of this, for a skilful workman is always thinking and minding about his bur.

The old objection to dry points, that they yielded so few impressions, is now obviated by steeling. A plate that formerly yielded twenty copies, will now give four hundred.

Lastly, you may occasionally make use of the burin in finishing etchings and dry points, but it is not to be recommended. None but professional engravers can use the burin skilfully; it is sometimes, however, valuable to an etcher to give vigour to passages that want it.

Soft ground etching may be very briefly described. In cold weather mix melted etching varnish with an equal weight of melted tallow; in hot weather half the quantity of tallow is enough. Varnish your plate and smoke it as usual. Cover it with white paper, very thin, rather rough, and damped. Turn this paper under the etching all round, and paste it to the back of the plate. When dry it will be stretched above the varnish, but should not stick to it. Take a lead pencil and draw your subject on the paper exactly as you would a pencil drawing. Remove the paper carefully. The paper will carry away with it the varnish wherever the pencil marks have gone, but the grain of it will leave a granulated appearance. Bite the plate. Impressions from it will resemble the pencil drawing you did on the paper. I ought to add that this process is seldom to be entirely relied upon, and that artists usually like it much less than the processes already described.

Means are sometimes employed to give a flat tint, or a texture. Places intended to be left white may be protected with touches of varnish, and the rest slightly

bitten all over; or flour of sulphur may be mixed with oil and painted over the parts to be tinted. When it is removed, the copper beneath will be found to be slightly rough, and will yield a general tint in the printing. A little pure acid, boldly applied with a camel-hair brush, is often effective. A granulated texture may be got by dabbing on the clean plate with very little varnish and a rough dabber, then stopping out all parts not to be granulated, and biting. Texture may also be got in other ways—with soft varnish and rough paper, for example, or with woven materials, leaving the marks of their threads. But it is well, as a general rule, to avoid these "dodges," and rely on the point alone.

RITUALISM AND ART.

THE clergymen and laymen, now acting in concert, who are introducing and endeavouring to establish in the Church of England what they are pleased to entitle a "high ritual," have declared that costly and ornate adornments and accessories of public worship are simply the natural and necessary results of the recent revival of a better taste and feeling in our ecclesiastical architecture. What they admit as desirous of reviving in ceremonial observance and in the vestments of ministers, they no less unequivocally seek to associate with the but too prevalent restorations of our old churches, and the more truthful and nobler architectural character of our numerous new ones. At first sight, this may seem to be a specious, and indeed even a reasonable and sound, line of argument; but it will be found unable to endure impartial and candid consideration.

It is certainly true of many of the most zealous and energetic of the revivers of Gothic architecture, that unconsciously and unintentionally, but not the less effectually, they have prepared the way for the appearance of such allies as the Ritualists; perhaps, in a few instances, such an ultimate alliance may all along have been contemplated and desired by the Gothic revivers. The revival of Gothic architecture in our own times must ever be regarded as one of the most remarkable, as certainly it has already shown that it is one of the most important and practically influential, events in the history of modern Art. It was a grand thing to have appreciated the old long dormant art, to have regarded it as dormant only and not dead, to have believed that it might be aroused and restored to full vitality, and to have set to work to act and to have persevered in acting on such a belief. This effort, once made in genuine earnestness, and in some degree successful, would be certain to attract admiring sympathy, and many volunteer fellow-workers. Here, in this very sympathy and this ready co-operation with the first revivers, the revived Gothic would be exposed to most serious peril. In the ardour of their new zeal, these lovers of the Gothic would easily fall into the grave error of assuming that to revive early Gothic architecture would most effectually be accomplished by copying early Gothic edifices, and by reproducing in fac-simile early Gothic details. Hence, as we have seen, but a few of the Gothic revivers have understood the elastic and comprehensive nature of the style; and consequently they have sought to adapt it in its revived condition to existing circumstances, usages, and requirements: meanwhile, instead of study-

ing what the Gothic did so well in the olden time, that thus they might be the better enabled to adapt the revived Gothic to the present time, and to the probable exigence of time yet to come, the majority of the revivers have been content with a retrospective observation as a guide to a repetition of early practice—they looked back, that they might copy now what the early Gothic masters produced for their own times. These are the architectural revivers who may be claimed as the forerunners of a revival of Ritualism. When they copied an early church, in that act of copying they suggested a copy of the early use of such a church. All this is essentially and absolutely distinct from a true revival of the Gothic as a style of Art. Such a revival implies the application of past experience to present use; it is the style in active life, actively at work through the instrumentality of living workers, who think out and execute fresh expressions of the old style for themselves and for their own times.

The argument of the ritualists, which they would build up upon the present revival of early ecclesiastical architecture, cannot pretend to take effect beyond the range of that phase of the Gothic revival which consists in reproducing and copying early churches. Pointing to any such edifice, they may say,—Here you have reproduced and copied, for present use, an early church; here, therefore, we bring a reproduction and copy of the contemporaneous early ritual. In reality, however, the argument of the ritualists falls far short of even such apparent authority as this. The ritualism which they maintain to be neither less nor more than an essential element of our Gothic revival, is the ritualism that was struck down by the Reformation—that which flourished, as they hold, in the middle of the sixteenth century. But the churches that were built in the sixteenth century are rarely selected as models by living architectural copyists; and it is not to be assumed that Ritualism, so far as it has to do with ecclesiastical Art, was the same thing in the time of Edward VI. that it was in the time of Edward I.; nor can we admit that living ritualists may modify the ecclesiastical Art of the year 1548, so as to cause it to assume such an aspect as they believe it to have displayed in 1248, and then to argue that this ought to be, and in fact actually is, our ecclesiastical Art in such churches as we may have copied from the thirteenth century. The ritualist argument, based upon our Gothic revival, points expressly, and exclusively also, to a specific era—the second year of Edward VI. If the Ritualism that now asserts its own reproduction from this second year of Edward VI. has any present legal existence at all, it exists solely and absolutely upon the authority of what was its legal existence in that particular year; and, therefore, as a result of our Gothic revival, and indeed as part and parcel of it, this reproduced Ritualism deals, and can deal only and exclusively, with what was lawful ecclesiastical Art at that same period in England.

Now, while we gladly admit that any discussion upon the legal questions bearing on reproduced Ritualism in the Church of England, upon the expediency of that reproduction, and still more upon its significance, would be altogether out of place and unbecoming in these pages, at the same time a careful consideration of the influence that this same reproduced sixteenth-century Ritualism may exercise on Art now in our own times, is not only consistent with the aim and scope of this

Journal, but it would be a grave dereliction on the part of the *Art-Journal* to leave such a subject unnoticed. Very powerful has always been the influence of religion, and particularly as authoritatively directed by the Church, upon Art; and we ourselves live in an age when this very influence may be made to wield an extraordinary power. Nothing is more remarkable in this age of unprecedented advance than the strong prevailing love and admiration for whatever comes to us with the attributes and the authority of the past. Rushing forward ever towards what is fresh and new, we yet cling reverently to what is venerable and old. In Art this singular combination of new-born aspirations with retrospective reminiscences may everywhere be observed in energetic action. In the best of our own works of Art the influence of early Art is most surely and palpably present; and, it may be added, that never were the best works of early Art held in such high esteem. At such a time, and when sentiments such as these are prevalent and deeply felt, the presence among us of a new (at any rate, what to ourselves appears under the aspect of a new) agency commanding a peculiar influence, claiming to possess and to have a supreme right to exercise a power of both direction and control, and appealing to the highest sanction—this is an event calculated to excite either cordial satisfaction or anxious apprehension. Here are apparent, should the assumed capacity of the new agency be supported by facts, the means either of accomplishing for Art much which may prove to be most advantageous, or of inflicting upon it so much as can scarcely fail to be productive of serious injury. And that the reproduced Ritualism of the present day, in whatever degree it may succeed in establishing itself, must in that same degree act either for good or for evil upon Art, is a necessary consequence of the nature and character of the Ritualism itself. It is an Art-agency in both the principle and the manner of its action. It deals directly with all the arts that may be brought into operation to decorate churches and their ministers; and in thus employing those arts, it aims to impart to them at once both the broadest popularity and a peculiarly dignified authority. Very close indeed is the connection between "Ritualism and Art," because very great is the influence that Ritualism is able to bring to bear upon Art. And the converse of this proposition is also true—very great is the influence that Art is able to bring to bear upon Ritualism. An alliance between Ritualism and Art is calculated to act both ways. If the Ritualism proves competent to impart its own characteristics to Art, Art, on the other hand, is eminently qualified to prove to Ritualism the most influential of auxiliaries. And this is thoroughly understood by the prime movers of Ritualism. They know, and they know the value of, the popularity of Art; and this knowledge they are certain to use judiciously and without hesitation or reserve.

All these, and with them all similar considerations, lead to the same inquiry concerning the nature of the influence that the reproduced Ritualism of the present day is calculated to exercise through Art, and to bring to bear upon Art itself. The reply to this inquiry is found in the era of the Ritualism which is reproduced from the commencement of the reign of Edward VI.—that is, somewhat before the middle of the sixteenth century. That was the era of the lowest debasement of Gothic Art—the time in which "the great dynasty"

was sinking, through the last stages of its decline, into the quickly succeeding fall. The Ritualism of this day identifies itself with the Art of that day; and, in dealing with the influence of Ritualism upon Art, it is the debased Gothic Art of the middle of the sixteenth century which we have either to accept or to reject. And be it remembered, that in accepting this debased Gothic, we consent to reproduce and copy it, exactly as we find it at the period from which we accept and reproduce our Ritualism.

We resolutely refuse thus to have our ecclesiastical Art hooked on to what may have been ecclesiastical Art in the second year of Edward VI. We decline to ignore those chapters in the history of Art that bear more recent dates than 1548; and when we seek for association with early Art, we prefer the Art of the thirteenth century, or of the twelfth, to that of the sixteenth. And so we invite all who truly love the great and noble Art of early ages to set themselves in opposition to every attempt, however plausible, to concentrate upon the Art of our own age such influences only as emanate from the era of Edward VI.; and, likewise, lovers of living Art we admonish to resist every project for bringing down the middle of the sixteenth century direct to us, or for taking us directly back to the middle of the sixteenth century.

That the Art of their own Ritualistic era is also the Art, and the only consistent Art, of renovated Ritualism is doubtless felt, since already, in a certain measure, it is admitted by ritualists themselves. The latest and most debased forms of mediæval Gothic architecture have found favour with some of these living sixteenth-century men; and, as of course would follow, the supremacy of the Gothic of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries has been denied, and even its superiority challenged. This is satisfactory, as corroborative testimony to the inevitable inferences that Ritualism teaches us to draw, with regard to what it wishes to do, and purposes to do, for (that is, against) Art. We shall not be apprehensive lest the architecture of the sixteenth century should be accepted and recognised as the style of styles; and yet we do feel the necessity for open and uncompromising opposition to whatever may assume the character and exercise the functions of a patron as well as a representative of sixteenth-century ecclesiastical Art. For the present we are content, be it observed, to leave untouched the general question of the association of Art with the ceremonial accessories of our churches and with our observance of religious ceremonies, except to record our desire that here, as in the fabric of our ecclesiastical edifices, the noblest Art should everywhere be manifestly present. It is not Art itself that we would exclude from the highest duties and services in which it can be engaged, which by its presence it may adorn, and from which it must in its turn derive fresh honour and dignity: on the contrary, we are prepared to plead, and it is our purpose earnestly and resolutely to plead for an ecclesiastical and religious Art of our own—not for a past expression of ecclesiastical and religious Art reproduced and copied, not for the long-rejected Art of a debased period, but for such Art in matters ecclesiastical and religious as we ourselves may call into being, and which may be, and will declare that it is, the consistent ministrant to our own faith and the independent and yet harmonious expression of our own feeling.

CHARLES BOUTELL.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL COLLECTION.

EVENING IN THE MEADOWS.

F. R. Lee, R.A., and T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., Painters.
J. Cousen, Engraver.

ONE of the pictures for which the country is indebted to the liberality of the late Mr. Jacob Bell. It was among the few choice landscapes in his small but most valuable collection, and is now, with the other English paintings which have become the property of the nation, in the gallery at South Kensington. The work of two artists, each of whom has deservedly gained high distinction in his especial department, this joint production is a notable example of the talents of both. Mr. Lee has rarely, if ever, been more successful than here in his landscape scenery, as well in colour as in design: there is less mannerism than we often see in his works, especially in the forms of his trees and the rendering of the foliage, which, in this picture, are true, graceful, and distinctive; light and free in touch, and yet carefully and naturally massed and effectively grouped; while the colour is fresh and verdant both in the trees and herbage, and the water limpid and transparent. There is comparatively little sky visible, but what is seen is softly painted; the clouds move tranquilly over the subdued tone of blue, which gradually melts into a warm grey in the horizon, casting a rich mellow sunlight over the whole landscape:—

"The sun has lost his rage; his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
And vital lustre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes
The dream of waking fancy."

Mr. Cooper's share of the work is, of course, the cattle; he is the Cuyper or Berghem of our school, and the herd here is worthy of his great Dutch predecessors, and—of himself.

"A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface."

The scenery is, we have every reason to believe, that which lies on the opposite side of Canterbury, Mr. Cooper's native place, and where he resides. Those who know the rich tracts of pasture-land lying on each side of the river Stour and its tributaries, after passing through the city on the route to Ramsgate, can scarcely fail to draw a parallel, at least, between what meets the eye there and what is presented in this picture. Canterbury meadows have always been favourite sketching-ground for Mr. Cooper's bucolic subjects; in this instance his friend Mr. Lee has made himself "master of the situation." By substituting the Stour for the Ouse, we may apply to the scene Cowper's lines:—

"Here Stour, slow winding through a level plain,
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in his bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsmen's solitary hut," &c. &c.

On the right bank of the stream rises a noble group of elm and ash trees; behind them, but at some distance, is a cottage embosomed in wood; to the left is a line of willows, light and feathery, and the view is bounded by a range of gently undulating ground. These, with the cows and sheep scattered about far and near, constitute a familiar and most pleasing example of English pastoral.

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

THE first exhibition of historic portraits at Kensington has been pronounced a success. A second, in continuation of the first, will carry the interest which such exhibitions create, into the coming year. In the interval that lies between the dispersion of one collection and the gathering together of another, we devote a page to facts which the experiment just made has brought into view, and to the lessons such exhibitions in general are designed to teach.

These collections may be regarded either as the reassembling of the illustrious dead—and then they serve for lessons in history and homilies on life,—or they may be viewed simply as a series of pictures—and then they speak of Art-progress and decline, and illustrate the various styles of portrait-painting which have from century to century obtained favour. Such reflections must have crowded on the minds of persons who entered the gallery at Kensington in befitting mood. The heads of Henry VIII. and of his wives, of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and "Bloody" Mary, of Charles I. and Cromwell, of Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Lord Bacon, Judge Jeffreys, and Thomas Hobbes, gave to well-known histories the interest which springs from personal knowledge and bodily presence. To the young especially such a gallery is a school. Our own province, however, lies more directly within the Art department, and the space at our disposal is barely sufficient for matters which concern the painter and the antiquary.

First let us say a word on the much-debated authenticity of many of the portraits congregated at Kensington. This question presents two aspects—the one touching the painter, the other the sitter. The doubt as to the painter has arisen mainly among the reputed Holbein pictures. Of the second question, as to the sitter, Lord Derby, at the Academy dinner, drew illustration from his own experience. There had reposed, he said, upon his walls a remote ancestor of three hundred or four hundred years ago, who now had to meet a rival or an unmistakable double, bearing a very different name. Of the converse of this case: that of the same name having to answer for totally distinct heads, there were in the exhibition only too palpable examples. Such facts, which certainly look suspicious, have been laid to the charge of the management; yet, when rightly considered, they but elucidate the advantages that may accrue from these public ordeals; moot points are not unfrequently thereby set at rest. Without such an exhibition, for example, it might have been still more difficult than it now is to come to a judgment on the Holbein controversy. It is only when pictures, which have been long scattered, are brought together and placed face to face, that their comparative value and authenticity can be fairly tested. Replicas, copies, or works altogether spurious, are thus reduced to their relative levels; and for years yet to come, whenever doubts may arise, will the verdict given at this exhibition, as in open court, put an end to controversy. The photographs, too, which have been taken, will remain in witness of established facts.

In further elucidation of the uses of these exhibitions, let us offer a word on the Holbein portraits, both genuine and spurious. By a fortunate coincidence, the exhibition opened at the moment when Mr. Wornum's investigations were complete, and the critics in the leading journals have accepted and promulgated the conclusions which, in the forthcoming life of Holbein, will be established. Certainly it was a somewhat startling announcement, that out of sixty-three portraits assigned in the carefully-compiled catalogue to Holbein, only eight or ten were veritable. Yet the ascertained date of the painter's death, the pedigrees of the individual pictures, as well as the internal evidence furnished by the paintings themselves, seem to substantiate this conclusion. For example, every one who closely examined "The Family of Sir Thomas More"—one of the most impressive and interesting portrait-pictures in the world—must have come to the conclusion, that Holbein never worked upon the canvas at all. Indeed,

Dr. Waagen, in his volumes on the German and Flemish Schools, pronounced six years ago a decisive verdict on this picture in the following words: "In a letter from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, dated September, 1529, Erasmus expresses his great gratification at a representation of Sir Thomas and his whole family, which Holbein had brought with him. This must have been," says Dr. Waagen, "the clever pen sketch, now in the Basle Gallery, for the well-known, but, alas! vanished picture, now solely though well represented by an early, and, in many respects, excellent copy at Nostall Priory, the seat of the Wynn family in Yorkshire." Of this "clever pen sketch," which we have seen in the Gallery at Basle, a capital photograph is published in "Die Kunstschatze des Museums in Basel," a work which may be consulted in the Art-Library at Kensington. This drawing has the distinguishing marks of the master. It is remarkable for individuality and character, for decision, yet delicacy; every touch tells; a few well-directed lines complete each portrait and detail the entire story. It is interesting to observe certain not unimportant variations between this first sketch and the subsequent picture, now only known by the "excellent copy" exhibited at Kensington.

A few further notes may be added on the Holbein portraits. Perhaps the head which laid claim to highest Art-quality, was that of Lady Butts; and the portrait to which attached most personal interest was the oft-engraved single seated figure of Sir Thomas More, contributed by Mr. Henry Huth. The right eye is damaged, and the hands repainted. On the whole, however, few works of the period are better preserved. Speaking generally, Holbein's true portraits may be recognised in the masterly modelling of the temples and the regions round the eye, in the precise curve of the nostrils, and the firm line of the mouth. The perplexities in portraiture, which timid hands elude or boggle over, were to this master points for triumph. The number of works which can be ascribed beyond doubt to Holbein have of late been considerably curtailed. It is well known that the Will of Holbein, which was discovered some time since, took eleven years from the painter's life, and thus put an end to the pretensions of all portraits executed later than 1543. But this discovery in turn opens a fresh difficulty, inasmuch as many admirable pictures, such as the three portraits of Henry VIII.'s children, viz., that of Edward from Windsor Castle, of Mary, belonging to the Society of Antiquaries, and of Elizabeth, from St. James's Palace, are thereby left without parentage. And these works are of such rare excellence, that it is hard to find for them a competent author. Mr. Samuel Redgrave boldly ventures on the conjecture, that Holbein the painter and Holbein the testator, were two distinct individuals. Thus the eleven years taken from the life of the artist might be restored, and various excellent and otherwise anonymous portraits in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. would find a worthy executant. It is understood, however, that Mr. Wornum will show this conjecture to be untenable: he will also adduce facts which may serve to discover the unknown painter who followed so closely in time and in style upon Holbein. Stretes is said to have received higher pay than his great contemporary, and if he were the painter, as some have conjectured, of the lovely portrait of Elizabeth in her youth, he could not have been very far from Holbein in quality of work. Indeed, when we come down as late as the middle of the sixteenth century, there ought to have been little difficulty in getting to the court of England an able though perhaps comparatively unillustrious painter. Not to speak of the numerous followers of Raphael, there were at that period in the towns of Flanders and Germany masters of the Teutonic and semi-Italian styles, competent to paint a first-class portrait. We shall look with interest for Mr. Wornum's solution of this debated question.

England, in her three estates of King, Lords, and Commons, has obtained from portrait-painters no unworthy witness to her greatness. Perhaps there is not another country in the world which could produce so vast an assemblage of men and women illustrious for wealth, station,

noble descent, for talent, virtue, heroism. The Kensington Gallery of one thousand portraits might indeed kindle patriotism, and gratify a well-grounded pride in the rights, laws, and liberties enjoyed under a free constitution. And the arts which aristocracies have fostered, and a monarchy upheld, have been preserved and safely handed down from generation to generation, under the law and order secured by firm and just government. So that England, as testified by such exhibitions as the Art-treasures at Manchester, the successive assemblies of old masters at the British Institution, and the historic portraits at South Kensington, has now become among the nations pre-eminent for the value and resources of her private collections. It is only by such displays as that just witnessed, a repetition or rather continuation whereof we look for in the coming and the following year, that the abundance of our land is made manifest. England, however, cannot boast of her home produce. She imported from across the seas the Art she needed, and accordingly we find that of ninety-four portrait-painters represented in the recent exhibition, seventy-four, at least, were foreigners. We regret that the limited space at our command compels us to give but an outline of the art of portrait-painting as practised in England and displayed at Kensington.

Mr. Samuel Redgrave, at Brompton, like the Rev. J. Granger in "The Biographical History of England," considered as a help to the knowledge of portraits, made short work "of such persons as flourished before the end of the reign of Henry VII." Mr. Granger begins with Egbert, and of Alfred he enumerates several effigies, one representing the king as a common minstrel playing in the Danish camp. We think, however, the authorities at Kensington—who certainly have not erred on the side of a too searching criticism—were wise in not filling their gallery with apocryphal portraits, of which some would have been purely imaginary, and others but late reproductions of early traditional types. The head of Sir William Wallace sufficed as a sample of this extensive manufacture. The remarkable figure of Richard II., which, till last century, hung near the pulpit in Westminster Abbey, seems better accredited than many such products. The treatment, however, is evidently more conventional and generalistic than literal and individual. Yet that in the pre-portrait period there were in England, pictures which, if not faithful as likenesses, possessed highest Art-merit, the first compartment in the exhibition made patent. The triptych containing figures of Sir John and Lady Donne, is worthy of Van Eyck or Memling, whose names it bears in alternative. Again, the head of Edward Grimston has the decisive individuality of a true portrait, and as a picture it possesses the force, freshness of colour, and careful execution for which Pieter Christophsen, a pupil of Hubert Van Eyck, was remarkable. In the fifteenth century, as in later times, England was indebted to Flanders for the supply of portrait painters, and Jan de Mabuse, a disciple in the school of Van Eyck, was one of the artists who obtained employment at the British court. "The Three Children of Henry VII.," accredited by Dr. Waagen, were probably painted before Mabuse formed in Italy a mongrel style. The art of portrait-painting scarcely obtained firm domicile in England until Holbein was taken into the service of Henry VIII. Of Holbein's pictures we have already spoken; of the painter himself the truth must be confessed, that he was profligate, and consequently poor, that he died, leaving debts unprovided for, and two illegitimate children out at nurse. Holbein, living in a corrupt court, seems to have sunk, *pari passu*, with his royal patron. The sixteen portraits of Henry VIII., like the busts of Nero and Caligula, chronicle, with unflattering circumstance, the career of a sensualist.

Sir Antonio More, a Dutchman, who studied in the school of Schoreel, and afterwards in Italy, maintained, during the reigns of Elizabeth and Mary, a true and manly style of portraiture. He seems to have happily hit the middle manner which lay between anterior severity and later meretricious display. His portraits of Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Thomas

Gresham, are firm and true in drawing, bold yet detailed in execution, solid in *impasto*, yet transparent in colour. About this period in the annals of England, several illustrious characters are more indebted to historians than to contemporary portrait painters. For example, in the Kensington Gallery, neither Mary Queen of Scots nor Lady Jane Grey were seen in trustworthy portraits. Of the twelve supposed likenesses of Mary, not one was satisfactory. The most that could be said in their favour was that in each might possibly be discovered a type common to all upon which the painter had romanced according to fancy. In like manner of the four portraits of Lady Jane Grey each was dissimilar from the other. Perhaps the version which came from the Bodleian Library was not without internal evidence of authenticity. In the reigns of James I. and Charles I., England still continued to import portrait painters from Holland, as witness several noble works by Cornelius Jansen, Gerard Honthorst, and we may even add by Van Somer. That was a glorious picture from Buckingham Palace of 'George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham, and Family,' by Jansen; it had the breadth, detail, power, and colour of the great Dutch masters of the art. Again, on the testimony of such noble pictures as 'The King of Bohemia' and 'The Queen of Bohemia,' daughter of James I., who, by her beauty, won the title of "Queen of Hearts," Gerard Honthorst, otherwise "Gherardo delle Notti," must take front rank in the same truth-speaking school. Van Somer, too, is rescued from commonness of manner and a coarse power by two portraits from Hampton Court, 'James I.' and 'The Duke of Richmond and Lennox,' works which indicate no slight degree of taste and tact. We are also indebted to this artist for the portrait of the great Lord Bacon, which at once arrests the eye by its pronounced, not to say eccentric, individuality.

It is interesting to mark in the works of some of the preceding painters a forecast of the style which, under Vandyck, became triumphant. Long before he had painted a portrait in England, what may be called Vandyck hands and attitudes had come into vogue. Antonio More, by combining the schools of Holland and Italy, had pointed to the style of the future; and so by the first half of the seventeenth century, there were masters in Flanders, such as Jansen and Honthorst, who approached close upon the manner which in England was about to carry all before it. The history of Art, in fact, when its incidents and antecedents are filled in, has but few surprises: every pictorial phenomenon is found to have had its anterior causes sufficient to bring about the final result. To expatiate on the patent merits of Vandyck portraits were needless. At South Kensington might be seen sixty-one works by the master, among which many, such as the portraits of Charles I., his Queen, Henrietta Maria, and their children, have been for years honoured as household gods. It is hard to say whether Vandyck did greater benefit or injury to the art of which he was supreme master. His merits were so near upon defects, that it was difficult for those who came after him to resist such seductive snares and escape the corruption towards which the very times were tending. It is curious and instructive to observe the relation between an artist and the historic period in which he is cast, between a portrait painter and his sitters. It is known, too, that an artist throws not only his mind and character, but insensibly transfers even the type of his own features into the faces he paints. Such speculations suggest themselves in the presence of the portraits of Vandyck—a painter expressly moulded on his times, and so closely identified with his sitters, that Charles I. and Vandyck have, in the mind's eye, become inseparable. It is obvious that this painter would have been out of his element in the rude interregnum of the Commonwealth. Look at the faces of Cromwell and Vandyck, and say if there be in type aught in common between them. Walker and Cooper were the men who undertook to transmit to posterity the bold and manly physiognomies of this period of rough conflict. Their fitness for the task is testified by Cooper's trenchant head of the Protector—a portrait

which, though much injured on the surface, has the firm touch and precise drawing found in the best miniatures by this prince of miniature painters. The portraits of the entire family of the Cromwells, and of the times of the Commonwealth generally, if not choice in Art-quality, were at least conspicuous from their number. Of Milton, the heads in oil are greatly inferior to the miniatures exhibited a year ago. The Cromwell family was fully represented by ten pictures, which, if mediocre as paintings, were striking, though scarcely prepossessing as likenesses.

From this time downwards the art of portrait painting suffered decline till again revived by Reynolds. It was pleasing, however, to find at Kensington not a few admirable portraits which served to rescue Lely and Kneller from the bad name now commonly given to them. The canvas on which were grouped the heads of Drs. Dolben, Allestry, and Fell proved that Sir Peter Lely could be abstemious in colour and even severe in form, and the seated figure of Lady Byron, as painted by the same artist, if meretricious, was assuredly magnificent. The manner of Greenhill, the pupil of Lely, appeared to singular advantage in the portraits of Charles II. and of the first Earl of Shaftesbury. Kneller is to Lely as wood or stone after wax and honey. Yet that Sir Godfrey was not wanting in sinew and bone, his sitters, Judge Jeffreys, John Dryden, and Grinling Gibbons, could declare. Such portraits, though rude, have robust character.

The exhibition just closed, extending from the reigns of the Plantagenets down to the overthrow of James II., embraced a period of more than five hundred years. The number of portraits exceeded one thousand. Out of the five hundred years, however, the first three hundred furnished less than seventy pictures. The series of truly historic and authentic portraits, indeed, may be said scarcely to have commenced prior to the reign of Henry VIII. The leading portrait painters already passed under review, were severally represented by the following number of works: Kneller, 12; Sir Antonio More, 13; Van Somer, 15; Jansen, 38; Vandyck, 61; Lely, 63; and Holbein, 63, also reputed portraits.

We have little space to dwell on the benefit which a collection of portraits is calculated to confer upon the historic painter. That service and other more general uses for the people at large, were fully recognised in the establishment of the National Portrait Gallery, in Great George Street, Westminster. Portrait painting has been sometimes falsely termed an inferior art, a stigma which the galleries of Europe and the practice of the greatest painters refute. Some of the grandest pictures, simply as pictures, with which we are acquainted, are portraits, a fact which would at once be justified were the king of united Italy to collect in Florence an exhibition such as that by which we have profited at Kensington. Titian was able to expend the resources of his pallet on a single head, Raphael made a triumph out of a squinting cardinal, and Velasquez was never greater than when he condescended to the dimensions of a dwarf. It has been said, indeed, not without show of reason, that a man who cannot succeed in a portrait must fail in a historic work, and certain it is that if our own Haydon had been able to paint a single figure well, his high Art would have fared the better. It is obvious that the value of any historic composition must be enhanced by authenticity of portraiture, and even by detail in costume. Historic heads are true exponents of individual character, and the fashion of a dress is a commentary on the times. There are faces which belong to historic epochs; types of countenance which correspond with phases of thought, a bearing in the person and an aspect in the manners which are visible replicas to national customs, modes of speech, and forms of literature. It is absurd to suppose that such details and circumstances when treated with intelligent intent, sink historic Art into realism. Through the eye they speak to the mind, and kindle the imagination. The historian has within the last half century received invaluable material from the antiquary, and the historic painter will have reason to thank the discoverer who may bring to light a single portrait.

J. BEAINGTON ATKINSON.

PRESERVATION OF METALS FROM CORROSION.

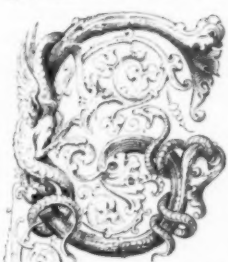
In the April number of the *Art-Journal* was announced the invention of an enamel paint for the preservation of metals, wood, and other substances. The discovery has been patented by Dr. De Briou of St. George's Lodge, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood; and, as far as experiments have yet been made, it seems to be the only material or compound that has entirely succeeded in securing metals against the damaging effects of sea water. The compound is applied to metal, or any other surface, with a brush in the manner of paint. When dry it presents the appearance of a vitreous cement; and even though exposed to the action of salt water for a lengthened period, it loses none of its lustre. We have had an opportunity of examining a section of an iron plate which had been coated with the substance and kept in sea water for two years; yet, after this severe trial, the surface remains as clean and smooth as when the paint was first applied, while the unprotected side of the metal presented such a corroded appearance, as might be expected in a piece of iron submitted for two years to the action of salt water. But it is not for the protection of metals only that the material is available; it is equally effectual in application to wood, stone, or cloth. With our mercantile interests and our naval administration one of the great desiderata has been a protective coating for copper and iron, and for many years past we have seen official reports of the failure of the most promising contrivances. Ever since it has been recognised as a necessity that our ships of war should be sheathed in iron, the maintenance of such ships in a state fit for protracted service upon distant stations has become a question of deep national solicitude. Reports that have been made on this subject tend to show that iron-clads decay very much more rapidly than wooden ships; hence the adoption of any means proved to answer the desired end would be an economy of millions to the nation. One of our most eminent ship-owners is reported to have said that the success of the invention would effect a saving of £80,000 a-year to his firm alone.

Dr. De Briou's invention was patented two years ago, and since the experiment of which we have spoken it has been patented a second time. The coating is a compound which may be formed of its constituent materials in various proportions, but the relative quantities employed by the inventor are—sixty-six pounds of vulcanised India-rubber, cut into small pieces, and reduced to a liquid state by heat; to this is added twenty pounds of vegetable pitch, or asphaltum, ten pounds of shellac, and ten pounds of rosin. The compound is boiled together from three to six hours, and then poured out to dry and harden. It is re-dissolved by means of bisulphide of carbon, and is applied quickly with a brush in order to anticipate the condensation that ensues from evaporation. When it is intended to resist the attacks of marine animals, the compound has a mixture of hydrocyanic acid, ferrocyanide of copper, &c., whereby is attained a perfect immunity from fouling. There are many other ways in which this invention may be made to serve useful purposes: one is obviously the preservation of metal-work exposed to the weather; another is the facing of buildings constructed of stone at all susceptible of scaling, of which some of the best known and most remarkable instances are to be found among the Colleges of Oxford—though for rapidity of decomposition nothing can surpass the Houses of Parliament, the river-face of which is already conspicuously in a state of decay. The enamel-paint is black, and however suitable this may be as a coat for metal, it would be a very unseemly facing for a stone building. One cannot, however, believe it difficult to give it such a colour as would be suited to stone work. This is a consideration worthy of entertainment by the Company, for there is an association embodied for the working of the patent.

* We give the address of the patentee, to whom persons seeking information may apply direct.

MODERN PAINTERS OF BELGIUM.

No. IX.—GUSTAVE DE JONGHE. JOSEPH COOMANS.



USTAVE DE JONGHE was born at Courtray in 1828. His father, one of the best modern landscape-painters of Belgium, remarking in him a decided talent for music, did everything in his power to develop it by having him instructed in the violin. But the boy had already shown a preference for another art, and took far more pleasure in a sketch-book and drawing-pencils than in handling the violin-bow. Thus by degrees he laid aside the latter to devote himself exclusively to drawing. At the age of seventeen he commenced studying in right earnest under Navez, director of the Brussels Academy of Art. Before a year, however, had elapsed M. De Jonghe had the misfortune to lose his father, and as he was left motherless when only seven years old, he now found himself without those whose love and advice would have encouraged him in his artistic course, and also with very restricted resources at a time when he most stood in need of both. But the corporation of Courtray, recognising his talent and desiring to foster it, granted him a small pension which, with the additional aid arising from the sums he occasionally received for painting

portraits, enabled him to pursue his studies. He acknowledges the great benefit he derived at this time from the kind assistance of M. Louis Gallait, whose counsels and friendly teachings rapidly developed the artistic qualities of the young painter, and exercised a powerful influence on the style he had adopted. But, as is often the case with young artists, he found it no easy matter to determine the precise course to pursue; he tried portraiture, sacred history, historical *genre*, and at length settled down exclusively to scenes of familiar and domestic life.

The earliest allusion we find to any exhibited work by De Jonghe is in M. Victor Joly's remarks on the Brussels exhibition of 1854, where he thus speaks of a picture by him, entitled '*Notre Dame de Bon Secours*.' "Here is the production of a young artist for whom we predict a favourable future. M. De Jonghe possesses a valuable quality, one which the schools of Antwerp and Brussels have sometimes too much sacrificed to the seductions of *effect*; we mean the quality of *sentiment*, without which Art is nothing more than a carcass grandly adorned. There is in the various figures on this canvas a diversity of characters deeply studied and happily reproduced," &c. &c. To the Paris exhibition of 1862, De Jonghe was a contributor, and in the same year he sent a picture to the Amsterdam exhibition, for which he obtained a gold medal. Another was awarded to him in Paris in 1863, for two works exhibited there, one, '*The Orphans and their God-mother*;' the other, '*THE TWINS*;' the latter we have engraved. Whether the mother of the children renders herself amenable to the charge of favouritism we do not undertake to decide, but she is caressing one of them with all a mother's love, while the other looks on with pouting lips and a countenance not altogether void



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

G. De Jonghe, Paint.
THE TWINS.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

of jealousy. The attitude and action of the child are most truthful, while there is great elegance in the arrangement of the group on the right. The whole of the figures are well-drawn, and the entire making up of the scene shows a refined and cultivated taste.

One of the best pictures painted by this artist is called '*Devo-*

tion;' it was exhibited in Paris in 1864, and was purchased by the Princess Mathilde.

De Jonghe has for some time been resident in the French capital, the society of which supplies him with such graceful models as we find in the picture of '*The Twins*,' and in other subjects of a similar character from his pencil.

JOSEPH COOMANS is another artist of the Belgian School who makes Paris his place of residence. He was born in Brussels on the 28th of June, 1816, and entered a college at Ghent with the object of following a learned profession, but Art proving more attractive to him than the study of the classics, he quitted college, when sixteen years of age, to become the pupil of Pierre Van Hasselaere, a painter of considerable reputation, living at Ghent. He made such progress under this master that at the expiration of a year from his entering Van Hasselaere's studio, he exhibited at the *Salon* in Brussels a picture called 'An Arcadian Shepherd,' which was highly commended by the Belgian press for the work of so young an artist. M. Coomans subsequently went to Antwerp and studied there under M. De Keyser, Director of the Academy; and at a later date the experience and counsel of Baron Wappers proved of essential service to him.

In the years 1841 and 1842 M. Coomans painted two pictures, both of which showed much daring for so young an artist, and with a result that proved he had not altogether over-estimated his own powers. The first of the two was 'The Capture of Jerusalem

by the Crusaders,' a large composition, for which the Queen of the Belgians gave him a commission; the second 'The Battle of Ascalon,' a still larger canvas, was executed for the gallery of the King of the Belgians.

Very shortly after these works were completed, the painter, desirous of seeing something of military life as well as of studying the scenery of the East, obtained through his patrons an introduction to Louis Philippe, who gave him permission to accompany the French army on its African campaign. Arrived at Algiers, he was most courteously received by Marshal Bugeaud, commander of the forces, who placed at his disposal horses, mules, tents, servants, &c., to enable him the more conveniently to proceed with the troops on their expedition into Kabyle, as well as that which followed against Abd-el-Kader. It was on one of these expeditions that M. Coomans met Horace Vernet in the tent of Marshal Bugeaud, at whose table both artists were free guests, cultivating there and elsewhere mutual friendship. It could not be supposed that the stirring life M. Coomans was now passing in a new, strange, and picturesque country, with all its eventful



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

J. Coomans, Paint.
THE DELINQUENT.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

associations, should yield no fruit: whether his pencil was idle altogether we know not, but he employed his pen in writing a series of descriptive letters for the *Journal de Bruxelles*, which found their way into other publications of Belgium and elsewhere, attracting much attention. Subsequently he put forth a little African romance, entitled *Gzama*, which proved even more successful than his Algerine correspondence.

In 1845 he returned to Belgium, but had scarcely remained three months at home, when, at the solicitation of his queen, he was induced to accompany the Duc de Montpensier in the formidable expedition that had been prepared against the Kabyles. A tale of romance—one of melancholy interest—is attached to this part of the history of M. Coomans. Among those engaged in the service was a Belgian staff-officer, Major Renoz, with whom he had formed acquaintance during the brief return to his own country, and whom he had left quietly in Brussels. On meeting again in the East, the acquaintance was renewed, and ripened into strong friendship. At Algiers the major was attacked by

typhus fever and died, the last moments soothed by the presence of M. Coomans, who immediately afterwards sailed for Europe, to carry the sad news to Madame Renoz. Within two years the young, rich, and beautiful widow was married to the artist; but their union was of short duration, for in less than a year the lady died in giving birth to a son. However painful the event must have proved to the bereaved husband, Belgian Art was a gainer by his loss, for it sent him into his studio, there to recommence for a season his labours, and with renewed energy, as the best, indeed the only, consolation he could find in the day of his heavy trouble.

In 1848 he exhibited at Brussels a battle-piece on as large a scale as those of which mention has already been made, 'The Defeat of Attila, the Goth, on the Plains of Chalon-sur-Maine.'

But the old love of adventure and travel again got mastery over the painter, and he undertook a journey into Italy. We next find him with the allied armies in the Crimea; at Varna he fell ill, and on his recovery went to Constantinople, and then into

Greece. In 1855 he exhibited in London, at the Egyptian Hall, an immense picture of 'The Battle of Alma.'

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JOSEPH COOMANS is another artist of the Belgian School who makes Paris his place of residence. He was born in Brussels on the 28th of June, 1816, and entered a college at Ghent with the object of following a learned profession, but Art proving more attractive to him than the study of the classics, he quitted college, when sixteen years of age, to become the pupil of Pierre Van Hasselaere, a painter of considerable reputation, living at Ghent. He made such progress under this master that at the expiration of a year from his entering Van Hasselaere's studio, he exhibited at the *Salon* in Brussels a picture called 'An Arcadian Shepherd,' which was highly commended by the Belgian press for the work of so young an artist. M. Coomans subsequently went to Antwerp and studied there under M. De Keyser, Director of the Academy; and at a later date the experience and counsel of Baron Wappers proved of essential service to him.

In the years 1841 and 1842 M. Coomans painted two pictures, both of which showed much daring for so young an artist, and with a result that proved he had not altogether over-estimated his own powers. The first of the two was 'The Capture of Jerusalem

by the Crusaders,' a large composition, for which the Queen of the Belgians gave him a commission; the second 'The Battle of Ascalon,' a still larger canvas, was executed for the gallery of the King of the Belgians.

Very shortly after these works were completed, the painter, desirous of seeing something of military life as well as of studying the scenery of the East, obtained through his patrons an introduction to Louis Philippe, who gave him permission to accompany the French army on its African campaign. Arrived at Algiers, he was most courteously received by Marshal Bugeaud, commander of the forces, who placed at his disposal horses, mules, tents, servants, &c., to enable him the more conveniently to proceed with the troops on their expedition into Kabyle, as well as that which followed against Abd-el-Kader. It was on one of these expeditions that M. Coomans met Horace Vernet in the tent of Marshal Bugeaud, at whose table both artists were free guests, cultivating there and elsewhere mutual friendship. It could not be supposed that the stirring life M. Coomans was now passing in a new, strange, and picturesque country, with all its eventful



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J. Coomans, *Pouet*.
THE DELINQUENT.

Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

associations, should yield no fruit: whether his pencil was idle altogether we know not, but he employed his pen in writing a series of descriptive letters for the *Journal de Bruxelles*, which found their way into other publications of Belgium and elsewhere, attracting much attention. Subsequently he put forth a little African romance, entitled *Gzana*, which proved even more successful than his Algerine correspondence.

In 1845 he returned to Belgium, but had scarcely remained three months at home, when, at the solicitation of his queen, he was induced to accompany the Duc de Montpensier in the formidable expedition that had been prepared against the Kabyles. A tale of romance—one of melancholy interest—is attached to this part of the history of M. Coomans. Among those engaged in the service was a Belgian staff-officer, Major Renoz, with whom he had formed acquaintance during the brief return to his own country, and whom he had left quietly in Brussels. On meeting again in the East, the acquaintance was renewed, and ripened into strong friendship. At Algiers the major was attacked by

typhus fever and died, the last moments soothed by the presence of M. Coomans, who immediately afterwards sailed for Europe, to carry the sad news to Madame Renoz. Within two years the young, rich, and beautiful widow was married to the artist; but their union was of short duration, for in less than a year the lady died in giving birth to a son. However painful the event must have proved to the bereaved husband, Belgian Art was a gainer by his loss, for it sent him into his studio, there to recommence for a season his labours, and with renewed energy, as the best, indeed the only, consolation he could find in the day of his heavy trouble.

In 1848 he exhibited at Brussels a battle-piece on as large a scale as those of which mention has already been made, 'The Defeat of Attila, the Goth, on the Plains of Chalon-sur-Maine.'

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ANCIENT SCOTTISH SEALS.

A FEW years ago a very noble volume, richly illustrated, upon the ancient seals of Scotland, was published in Edinburgh by Mr. Henry Laing, of that city. This work, which at once acquired a very high reputation, was "out of print" shortly after its first appearance, and speedily took rank amongst the honourable fraternity of books that are scarce as well as valuable.

Encouraged by such gratifying success, and well aware that his materials were very far from being exhausted, the author has just submitted to the public a companion volume, as a supplement to its predecessor. In so doing, while he may justly rely with confidence on the intrinsic merits of his supplemental volume to secure for it a cordial welcome from students and lovers of heraldry on both sides of the Tweed, Mr. Laing is also justified in aspiring to a popularity for his especial subject more widely diffused than heretofore, as a result of the greatly increased attention that has recently been bestowed on heraldry itself, in its capacity of a faithful chronicler and a graphic contemporaneous illustrator of our national history.

Mr. Laing's new volume contains descriptive notices of 1,257 examples, with references to the original documents, to which the greater number of them are still appended. These seals are royal, baronial, ecclesiastical, civic, and miscellaneous; they range from the year A.D. 1098 to the commencement of the last century; 30 are of the twelfth century, 360, 108, 251, and 407, are severally of the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; while the remaining 101 examples are of more recent dates. Nine fine seals are faithfully represented in the engraved frontispiece; admirably characteristic lithographs, tinted with happy effect, represent 111 others; and with the text there appear 120 woodcuts, equally worthy of the highest commendation. Of the illustrations of the last named order we are enabled to place before our readers the accompanying six examples, which we have selected as well qualified to represent Mr. Laing's woodcuts; these six seals also exemplify in a very satisfactory manner the condition of the art of intaglio-cutting as it was practised in the middle ages in Scotland.

No. 1 (Laing, No. 142), the seal of Margaret Bruce, of Skelton, Lady De Ros, attached to a



No. 1.

deed dated 1280, has a full-length figure of the noble lady, wearing her ermine-lined mantle, and supporting two shields of arms, the shield of Ros to the dexter, and that of Brus (Bruce) to the sinister. No. 2 (Laing, No. 143), the *secretum* of Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, the father of King Robert the Bruce, is a fine and eminently characteristic example of the sphragistic and heraldic art of the close of the thirteenth century. This seal is appended to the homage deed, extorted in the year 1296 from Bruce himself, and from William Douglas and Alexander Stuart. No. 3 (Laing, No. 73), another equally fine and characteristic seal of the same era, also attests one of the many historical documents that yet remain to illustrate the deal-

ings of Edward I. with the Scottish nobles during the distracted period that followed the death of Alexander III. This is the seal of Alexander de Balliol, who appears armed, with his armorial shield not distinguished by any heraldic difference, wearing an early panache crest, and riding his barded charger at speed; the horse carries a crest closely resembling that



No. 2.

which rises from the helm of his rider, and his barding is charged with the armorial ensign of the house of Balliol. The impression, in excellent preservation, from which the drawing for the woodcut was made, is appended to the "General Release" given by John Balliol to Edward I., 2nd January, 1292. No. 4 (Laing,



No. 3.

No. 943), a curious and interesting seal of the fourteenth century, bears a galley under sail at sea, with two heraldic banners, fore and aft, and a pennon at the mast head; the single individual who represents the crew may be supposed to be the Richard Stewart, *Ricardus Senecallus*, whose name appears in the circumscribing



No. 4.

legend. Nos. 5, 6 (Laing, Nos. 637, 445), severally the seals of Sir William de Lindsay, of the Byres, A.D. 1390, and of Robert Graham, of Kinpont, A.D. 1433, show the spirited treatment of heraldic subjects that prevailed in those days, and they illustrate the early methods of introducing and representing heraldic supporters.

Among the most remarkable of the other seals that are introduced into this volume are those of Matilda, daughter of Malcolm Canmore, queen of Henry I.; of Joan Beaufort, queen of James I. of Scotland; and of Eustace, Hugh, and Dervorgilla de Balliol. The engravings of the seal and counter-seal of the last-named noble lady were drawn from the impressions appended to the foundation charter of Balliol College, Oxford, dated 1282. Also the seals of Margaret, Duchess of Brittany, A.D. 1171, and of Isabella Bruce, sister of King Robert, and mother of Randolph, Earl of Moray; fifteen seals of Campbells, including those of the second, third, fifth, and eighth earls of Argyle; a series of eighteen Douglas seals, of singular interest, historical as well as heraldic, including the seal of George Douglas, of Lochleven; eleven Gordon seals, twelve of Grahams, nine of Hamiltons, thirteen of Hays, ten of Hepburns, fifteen of Homes; a fine seal of Alexander, Lord of the Isles and Earl of Ross, A.D. 1338; fifteen seals



No. 5.

of Lindsays, sixteen of Murrays, ten of Scotts, thirteen of Setons, nine of Stirlings, and sixteen of Stuarts. Many other examples of the greatest interest also occur in the groups of seals of the bishops, abbots, monasteries, and burghs of Scotland.

The use of seals, as a legal formality, was unquestionably introduced into Scotland, as it was into England, by the Normans after the Conquest. Very shortly after that great revolution seals became necessary and all-important parts of legal documents; and consequently, as the gradual modification of the feudal system increased the numbers of holders of land, while, at the same time, wealth became generally more widely distributed, the use of seals was diffused among all classes of persons who then were held to be competent to acquire, possess, and dispose of any property, or who under any circumstances, or for whatever purposes, might be required to execute documents with legal formality. Seals, thus in the first instance adopted for purposes of strictly practical utility, would soon be observed to be in their nature in perfect harmony with the prevailing heraldic sentiment of those ages; so that great interest is found to



No. 6.

have been felt at an early period in the design, composition, and artistic treatment of the seals themselves, in addition to the recognition of the value of the authority vested in them as legal instruments. Hence mediæval seal-engraving naturally became an art of no trivial importance; the seals of personages of eminence were expected to be works of Art of a high order; and, indeed, every person who was entitled to possess a seal, shared in the common desire to secure the services of an engraver who might justly claim to be entitled an artist. At the commencement of the thirteenth century, when the legal necessity for seals was thoroughly established, the introduction and hereditary transmission of true armorial insignia had the effect of producing very many seals of an exclusively heraldic character; and, at the same time, an heraldic influence may be said to have

affected, in a greater or a lesser degree, almost every class and variety of these instruments. It is worthy of remark that, from the commencement of what may be styled their heraldic period, a decided and progressive improvement may be traced both in the design and execution of seals. This advance in the art of the seal engraver is, consequently, exactly contemporaneous with the development of the greater mediæval arts of architecture and sculpture. With the decline of those greater arts also, and when heraldry was yielding to a condition of debasement, seals are found to have lost their earlier dignity and elegance of design, and to have degenerated into elaborate combinations or into far-fetched and often altogether inconsistent devices, for the most part both coarsely and superficially executed.

Heraldic seals, always the best because contemporaneous authorities for early armoury, in Scotland, are especially valuable from the circumstance that no early rolls or similar records of Scottish armorial ensigns are known to be in existence. From Mr. Laing's volumes, accordingly, the earlier chapters of the history of Scottish heraldry are almost exclusively to be derived; and in these volumes abundant materials are contained for tracing up the heraldry of Scotland to its original elements. The seals of the thirteenth century exhibit many equally interesting and characteristic examples of true heraldic practice in its earliest aspect and under its primary conditions, while the figures and devices which appear in those of the preceding century, are no less valuable as illustrations of the sources from which the heralds developed their "gentle science." In not a few instances the seals of these two centuries show that what may be designated pre-heraldic devices subsequently assumed such modifications and combinations as qualified them to become hereditary armorial bearings, and to continue to be borne and transmitted when heraldry had become a recognised and established system.

It will thus be seen that a very interesting subject has been treated by a competent hand, a result by no means always attained; and that a mass of valuable information has been gathered together, so as to satisfy equally those who may be described as the general public and those who will be considered scholars in reference to the several topics thoroughly sifted in the work.

It is to be hoped that the appearance of Mr. Laing's second series of Scottish seals will speedily lead to the publication of a second edition of his first series, since there must be a large number of persons who already possess, or will be certain to become possessors of the supplemental volume, to whom the former volume must otherwise remain a sealed book; and unquestionably these two volumes ought always to stand side by side. This reference to the possible, and, we trust, the highly probable appearance, with all consistent speed, of a second edition of a great work on Scottish seals, naturally and necessarily leads us to express our hope that the early seals of England, and more especially those that are distinguished for historical associations and artistic excellence, may be made the subject of a publication that may correspond with Mr. Laing's. Materials for such a work exist in rich abundance, and access to them would be attended with no serious difficulties. It is true that many very good engravings, and also that at least as many very inferior and unsatisfactory ones, of English seals are already in existence; still, these engravings of both classes are scattered over various works, most of them costly and rare, and in some instances (as in the case of the Stow Bardolf seals, edited by the Rev. George Dashwood) admirable engraved plates of most interesting seals have been prepared for private circulation only. A Mr. Laing is still wanted to take in hand *ancient English seals*, to bring together the best examples, to treat them in a manner at once scientific and popular, to illustrate them profusely and strictly after the Laing fashion, and to fill what at present is a very decided and a very unbecoming void in the archaeology of English Art and the early illustration of English History.

CHARLES BOUTELL.

LOWESTOFT PORCELAIN.

An interesting exhibition of the porcelain made at this important manufactory, is now (by permission of the Council on Education) placed in the new court of the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Chaffers (author of "Marks and Monograms on Pottery and Porcelain"), having requested space for the purpose of illustrating the products of this establishment, it was liberally accorded him, and he has, by visiting the various collections of china in Lowestoft and its vicinity, obtained on loan from the owners a selection which will astonish many who probably never heard of the manufactory from which so much of the beautiful china of the second half of the last century emanated.

This Exhibition will enable some of our readers who have collections of family relics of china, to identify many specimens that have been long nameless, resting on their shelves as a sort of hybridous Oriental, which could not be attributed satisfactorily to any particular English manufactory, and were consequently confounded with their prototype, and usually so designated.

The origin of the manufactory was the discovery, in the year 1756, by Hewlin Luson, Esq., of Gunton Hall, Suffolk, of some fine clay on his estate peculiarly adapted for the manufacture of porcelain, which was so successful, that in the succeeding year a partnership was entered into to establish a manufactory on a large scale at Lowestoft. The names of the proprietors were Messrs. Walker, Browne, Aldred, and Richman. For a detailed account of these works we must refer our readers to Mr. Chaffers' work before mentioned (Second Edition, pp. 314—321). For half a century a very extensive trade was carried on; families were supplied with services on which their arms, crests, or ciphers were painted; ornamental vases, punch bowls, mugs, &c., were distributed throughout England; independent of this a considerable trade existed with the opposite coast of Holland, and great quantities of china were shipped weekly for Rotterdam, being packed in hogsheads and rolled down to the beach to be put on board the fishing boats when the herring season was over, or sent thither by way of Yarmouth.

The whole of the ware now exhibited was actually made at Lowestoft, and there is abundant evidence both from aged persons still living, who knew the manufactory, or whose parents had engagements during its operations, as well as from some of the gentry who purchased china there—to prove, in the words of a workman who remembers it well, that "no manufactured articles were ever brought to be painted, but that every article painted in the factory had been previously made there." We are compelled especially to insist upon this fact, for an impression has existed among some persons, who have not thoroughly investigated the subject, that the proprietors painted only on the Oriental china. This, doubtless, arose from the close imitation of the Oriental as well as the durability of the material; but a careful examination of this collection will convince the most sceptical that such an idea is erroneous.

We find here many specimens which have been preserved as heirlooms in the families of the proprietors of the works, and others that were purchased there, and have never been out of the possession of the owners until now lent for the purpose of this Exhibition. By comparing these with pieces which have been mis-called Oriental, the similarity is obvious; the favourite patterns adopted by the Lowestoft artists are found repeated, and the touches of the various artists easily recognised.

It must be borne in mind that the great proportion of the specimens here exhibited are in *hard paste* porcelain, the staple article of the manufactory by which they are distinguished from the productions of the contemporary English *fabriques* of Bow, Chelsea, Derby, and Worcester, where *hard paste* was never made. One cannot fail to be struck with the beautiful patterns which decorate many of the choice pieces, the careful and minutely executed borders, the highly finished heraldic paintings, and,

and, above all, the fine glaze of the ware itself, second to no other English manufactory.

At the expiration of the works in 1803 or 1804, most of the experienced hands were transferred to Worcester; this accounts for many striking similarities between the blue wares.

No trade mark was used upon the porcelain produced at Lowestoft; the reason probably was, that as so much was sold for Oriental, the placing any sign or monogram to denote its origin would have defeated this object.

The following varieties may be found illustrated in this collection:—

1. The first and earliest was a soft paste porcelain of fine quality and clear white glaze, painted in colours, sometimes with Chinese patterns; a favourite border was a red and gold trefoil, and the morone or lake scale pattern. Some are also painted with views of Lowestoft and marine views (after designs of an artist named Powles), roses and festoons, &c. This was the principal manufacture for the first twenty years, until the introduction of hard paste; but earthenware was also made.

2. It was about the year 1775 that hard paste was introduced at Lowestoft in close imitation of Oriental; it was of very thick substance, but finely glazed, with every variety of decoration. Dinner and tea services, Punch bowls, mugs, &c., the borders of these are sometimes a rich cobalt blue, with small gold stars. A raised pattern of vine leaves, grapes, squirrels, and flowers, is very characteristic of the Lowestoft hard porcelain on jars and beakers, enclosing Chinese figures, and landscapes which are evidently painted by European artists; the enamel colours not being so brilliant as the Chinese; Vases of flowers in red, morone, purple, and gold, with red and gold dragon handles. The mugs have frequently double-twisted handles, and the ground is embossed with rice pattern or basket work; some are cylindrical, others barrel-shaped. Another striking variety is the fan and feather pattern, in imitation of *Capo di monte*, painted in purple, blue, and red, in the form of basins and ewers. Many of these vases are elaborately painted with diaper work in gold and colours, and escutcheons of flowers and small landscapes. Among all the flowers and exquisite floral patterns, the rose predominates, and it is remarkable how easily the peculiar touch of the artist (whose name was Rose) can be detected; the blossom appears to have been plucked and dropped on the surface, and seldom has any stalk, or, if it has one, it is merely a simple thread. Another style of decoration peculiar to Lowestoft, is a rococo scroll, or running border of flowers, slightly raised upon the plain surface in opaque white enamel.

3. A very fine eggshell china, delicately painted with coats of arms, crests, and ciphers—subjects in pink *camaieu*, with highly finished gold borders, pearly with green or other colours—scrolls, &c. This was mostly used for dessert and tea services.

4. Blue and white china was made extensively for ordinary use. A dessert-service, with raised May-flowers and pierced sides similar to the Worcester, was also produced here. Some few specimens of blue transfer-printing are exhibited.

5. Earthenware, or fine *fayence*, was occasionally made from its commencement to its close. Many authentic pieces are in the collection, bearing dates from 1756 to 1790. These are usually painted in blue and white.

Among the exhibitors we observe the names of—Mr. W. R. Seago, Mr. Bradbeer, Mr. R. Browne, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Johnson, and Mr. R. Allen Johnson, of Lowestoft; Mr. Aldred, of Yarmouth; the Rev. S. Titlow, Mr. J. M. Croker, and Mr. E. Norman, of Norwich; Lady Charlotte Schreiber, Lady Rycroft, Mr. Louis Huth, Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. Thurston Thomson, Mr. Redgrave, Dr. Diamond, Rev. J. Beck, Mr. A. Joseph, Mr. Wareham, and Mrs. Frere.

In conclusion, we congratulate Mr. Chaffers on the interesting display he has been the means of introducing to the public, so practically useful to the ceramic student; and we hope he may be induced to continue similar exhibitions of other English potteries, many of which are almost as much unknown as Lowestoft has hitherto been. We are informed, it will remain on view for six months.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—A large and valuable collection of ancient stained glass has recently been formed in the Louvre. The works are those of the best order, produced during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by the chief manufacturers of France, the Low Countries, and Germany. Upwards of one hundred pieces have been fixed in the apartments called after Henri Quatre.—The immense amount of patronage extended to the Arts by the Imperial Government is indicated by the list of pictures, statues, busts, and other works distributed on the occasion of the late Imperial *Fête*, on the 15th. of August.—In addition to those purchased for the galleries of Versailles and the Luxembourg, pictures and statues were sent to no fewer than one hundred and twelve local museums; many of these were purchased at the last Paris Exhibition, while others are original works, or copies of the old masters, specially executed on commission for the purpose.—The portrait-painters received orders during the year for full or half-length portraits of the Emperor and Empress for thirty-eight sub-prefectures, thirty-four hotels de ville, the Polytechnic School, and the Asylum at Charenton. In addition to all these, pictures were presented to churches and chapels in fifty-two departments in France. At a moderate calculation, therefore, the number of works ordered or purchased by the government for public institutions during a single year could not have been far short of three hundred.—On the same day the distribution of medals, awarded by the jury of the annual exhibition of Fine Arts, to the pupils of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, took place, and also of the decorations bestowed by the Emperor. The artists decorated with the badge of Officer of the Legion of Honour, were, MM. Van Cleemputte, architect, Giraud, painter. The following were nominated Chevaliers of the Order:—MM. Rouillard, professor in the School of Design; Taine, professor in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*; Lefauvre and Pellicieux, architects; Carrier, Busson, Gide, Merle, and Schlesinger, painters; Carpeux and Gruyère, sculptors; Morley, Girard, and Girardet, engravers. The young artist of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts* who has this year won the *Grand Prix de Rome*, is son of the able director of the Sèvres Porcelain Works, M. Regnault.

ANTWERP.—Some long time since a subscription was opened for erecting in the city a statue of the late King Leopold, and a sum amounting to about £3,680 was collected, principally among the trading classes. One of our contemporaries here in London has recently reported that the municipal authorities of Antwerp have refused to grant a site for the statue, a statement we find it difficult to credit; and no reasons are assigned by the writer for the refusal.

NUREMBERG.—Among the large number of objects artistic, or otherwise interesting, left by Carl von Heideck, the distinguished architect who died about a year ago, is a remarkable album of autographs, collected in the early part of the seventeenth century by one Andreas Satzinger, who, as an inscription in the book states, studied at Ratisbon, and subsequently at Strasbourg. It is supposed Satzinger was attached to some embassy, for he appears to have resided some time in the Netherlands, and to have travelled in France and England, everywhere intent on collecting the signatures of personages of distinction. The volume contains three hundred and thirty-nine leaves, inscribed with autographs dating from 1605 to about the middle of the same century. In it are found those of many sovereign princes of Germany, some of whose thrones, occupied by their descendants, the last few months have seen shaken to their foundations, if not totally thrown down,—Lewis Frederick, Duke of Wurtemberg; Adolf Frederick and John Albert, Dukes of Mecklenburg; John Christian, Duke of Silesia; the Margraves Christian and Albert of Brandenburg; Ulric, Duke of Bronsio—so written—with numerous others. One of the most interesting signatures is that of the deliverer of the Netherlands, Maurice, Prince of Orange, who inscribed his name in 1608 with the motto, "*Je maintiendrai.*" Henry, his scarcely less celebrated bro-

ther and his successor, and Louisa de Colligny, widow of the Prince of Orange, also inserted their names and mottos. In the same year we find the autograph of Robert Deverend, Earl of Essex, who added to it the characteristic motto, "*Virtutis comes invidia.*" Many of the leaves contain the signatures of the German aristocracy of the period; and the names of several most distinguished leaders of the Austrian "Counter Reformation" are there also; such as those of the Khevenhüllers, the Racknitzes, Herbersteins, Dietrichsteins, Stubenbergs, Gallers, Praunfalks, and others; while, as opponents of the movement, may be mentioned the names of the Counts of Stollberg-Wernigerode, Isenbourg-Budingen, Lowenstein-Wertheim, &c., &c. The album is ornamented with coloured armorial bearings, costumes, scenes of college life, allegories, &c., &c.—It is to be sold some time during the autumn, at Nuremberg, with other "effects" left by their late owner. Some of our readers, who chance to be collectors, may be glad to know of a volume of so much historic interest.

CANADA.—Mr. Narcisse Tetu, a Canadian artist, has just returned to Quebec, after three years' absence spent in studying the Fine Arts at Florence. When Chevalier Falardeau visited Quebec in 1862, he saw that Mr. Tetu possessed artistic talents of a high order, and advised him to visit Italy. Mr. Tetu followed the advice of his distinguished countryman, and has, it is said, profited much by his trip.—A correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette* has written the following sensible letter with regard to the memory of the worthy men who were slain in the late fights with the Fenians:—"England never neglects the duty of awarding honours to her brave soldiers who fall in the discharge of their duties on the field of battle. The heroes of the Crimean war have had monuments erected to their memories in almost every principal town in Great Britain. Canadians cannot, in honour or in duty, do less than that. Our brave fellows who fell at Ridgeway met their death at the hands of scoundrels who invaded our peaceful homes and endeavoured to subjugate their occupants. We who now mourn over those dead have a further duty to perform, and Montreal (never backward in doing its duty) will, I feel sure, be the first to show its appreciation of, and gratitude for, the services performed by those men, by erecting some lasting monument to their memory, on the tablet of which the names of all that fell should be inscribed." For our part we think that the writer of the above is a little too sanguine in his expectations. Montreal is sometimes, and very often, "backward in doing its duty,"—vide the Queen's Statue, Nelson's Monument, the Montreal Picture Gallery, the School of Design; and we are afraid that our friend's suggestion will, like many another, fall to the ground, and that the worthy heroes will soon be forgotten.—Mr. Notman, the Prince of Canadian photographers, has again appeared in the field of Art. His last production is a beautifully executed photographic view of a scene on the Champ de Mars, Montreal, on Saturday afternoon, June 23rd, during the delivery of an address of welcome to the volunteers and regulars, after their return from the late Fenian campaign. Of course its verisimilitude is perfect, and both the extraordinary nature of the occasion, and the sight itself, deserve to have the latter thus stamped in visible portraiture, as an aid to the recollection of one of our proudest military displays and most cherished patriotic memories.—It is pleasant to have to record the following. At a meeting of the council of the county of Oxford, Canada West, the following resolution was adopted:—"That the sum of \$200 (£40 sterling), be laid aside to defray funeral expenses, and to erect a monument in honour of Malcolm M'Kenzie, of the Queen's Own, one of the ever-memorable heroes of the battle of Ridgeway."—Mr. William Raphael, a Prussian artist, who studied for eight years in the Royal Academy of Berlin, and who is now a resident of Montreal, evidently possesses some of the spirit of the immortal Hogarth. Into a large local picture recently painted by him, he has introduced a graphic full-length caricature of a noted *blind Art-critic*, who is a stumbling-block in the way of every artist visiting Montreal.

SELECTED PICTURES.

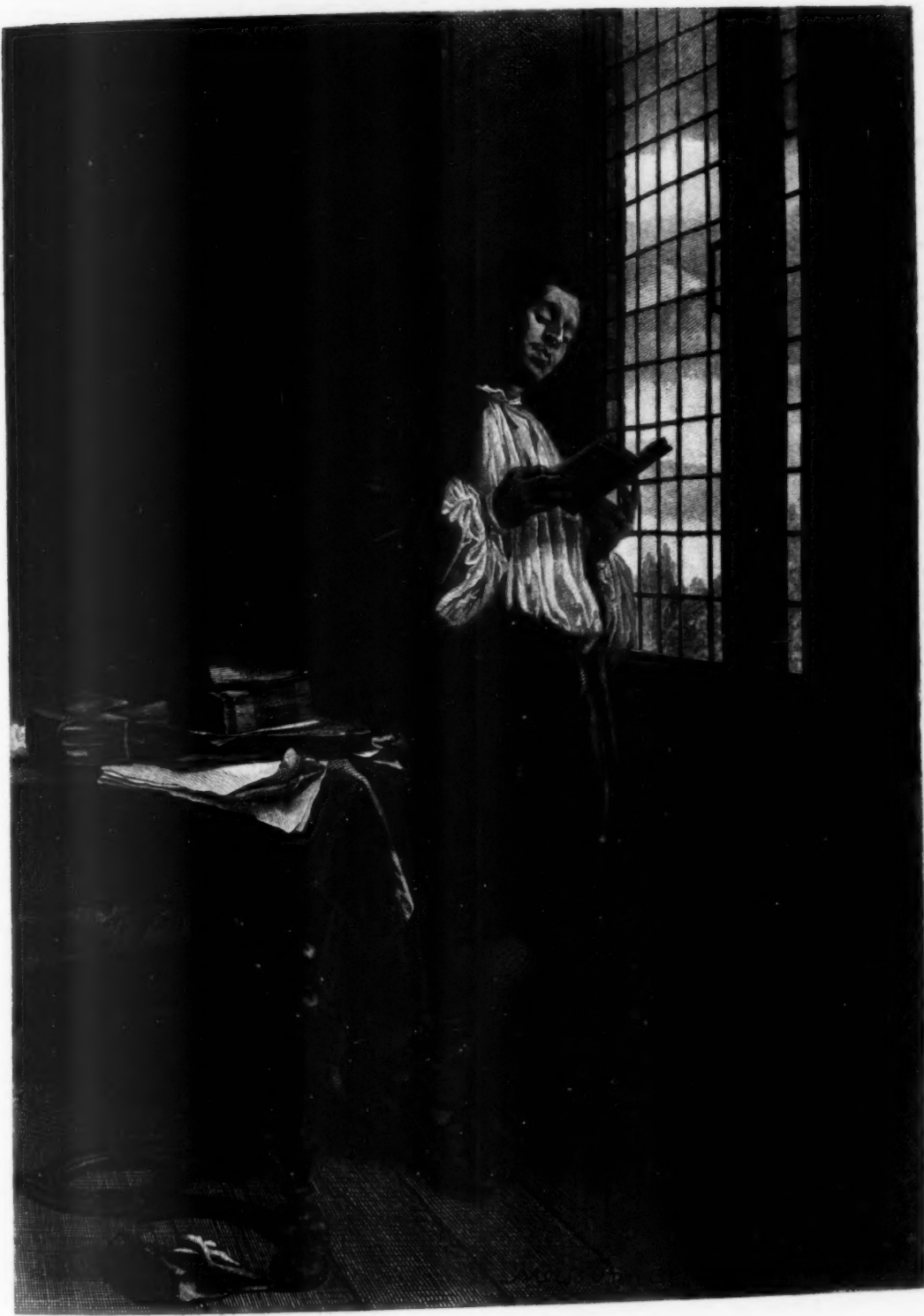
THE STUDENT.

J. L. E. Meissonier, Painter. E. Gervais, Engraver.

SINCE the opening of what is known as the "French Exhibition," the pictures of many of the best French and Belgian painters have been made as familiar to the lovers of Art in this country as those of our own school. Among the most popular of these foreign artists stands Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, who, following in the track which Nestcher, Gerard Douw, Terburg, Metz, and other old Dutch masters marked out, has equalled them in the delicacy of his pencil, and surpassed them in the refinement with which, for the most part, his subjects are treated; in him *genre*-painting, on a miniature scale has reached perfection; and, measured by the size of his canvases or ivories, or whatever material he uses, it may be doubted whether the works of any painter, during his life-time, have realised such high prices as Meissonier receives for his Lilliputian pictures.

He is a native of Lyons, and was born in 1811. After studying painting for some time in that city, he went to Paris, and entered the *atelier* of M. Leon Cogniet, an historical and *genre* painter of high reputation, but whose works cannot be identified in the remotest degree with those now produced by his pupil. In the earlier works exhibited by the latter—the influence of Cogniet is evidently manifest, but he soon altered his manner for that by which he has since been known. Meissonier was only twenty-six years of age when he exhibited the first of these works, 'The Chess Players,' and 'The Little Messenger,' which at once drew the attention of Art-critics favourably towards him. These were followed at various intervals of time, by numerous other subjects, such as 'A Priest attending the Sick,' 'An English Doctor,' 'A Painter in his Studio,' 'Amateurs in a Painter's Studio,' 'Amateurs examining a Portfolio of Engravings,' 'A Guard-House,' 'Skittle-Players,' 'The Game of Piquet,' 'A Man choosing a Sword,' 'The Bravos,' 'Confidence,' 'Breakfast,' 'The Study,' 'A Courtier,' 'Rembrandt in his Studio,' 'A Corps-de-Garde,' 'The Flute-player,' 'Punch,' 'The Engraver,' &c. &c. Several of these pictures have been exhibited in Pall Mall.

The title given by Meissonier to the picture we have engraved, 'The Student,' was 'The Book-worm'; it is one of the earlier productions in his new style, painted, we believe, in 1841, but it has all the excellent qualities of his more matured practice, its elaborate finish, unaffected truth of delineation, and brilliant colour. The easy, nonchalant attitude of the man, whose long flowing curls and *negligé* costume associate him with another century than our own, is as natural as it is elegant: the expression of his face shows the mind to be so occupied with the volume he holds, that a thunder-clap would scarcely withdraw his attention from it for a moment. It is this absolute realism, to employ a term much in use at the present day, which constitutes one of the greatest charms of this great "microscopic" artist. There is in all he does uncompromising truth, an absence of everything like melo-dramatic acting in his personages, who appear as naturally before us as if we saw them actually in the body engaged in their occupations unmindful of an eye-witness.



MEISSONIER. PINXT

E. GERVAIS, SCULPT

THE STUDENT.

LONDON, VIRTUE & CO



VISITS TO THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS.

VIII.

TO ROME. A MEER ENDEAVOUR TO REINSTATE MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAPHAEL. RUN DOWN BY THE EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE, WITH THE EXCELLENT MISS POWER COBBE FOR STOKER AND DRIVER. THE SISTINE CHAPEL. THE PARADISE LOST OF MICHAEL ANGELO, AND HIS LAST JUDGMENT.

FROM Naples to Rome the railway mostly runs alongside the ridge of the Apennines, whose stony vertebrae frequently open sterile vistas across it, fronted sometimes characteristically by some town on a rocky hill, with towers and walls, raised on high for security from the malaria of the plains below, and from the condottieri, brigands, and hostile communities of old times. For these reasons the villages generally, and scattered dwellings, are limited to the heights, and the stately convents are raised aloof on the lordliest of the green fat-looking hills; the teeming plains below being left entirely to cultivation—to solitary Ceres. In many places, however, *Il gran Turco*, as they call the golden maize, crowned her magnificently; and great massy trees worthy of England, though of a somewhat more relaxed luxuriance in their ample green featherings, completed as cheerful a landscape as I ever fumed past, only too rapidly. And it so happened that this sunny and enjoyable route was further diversified by a lively literary acquisition; for a fellow traveller, on leaving at Capua, presented me with a copy of Miss Power Cobbe's "Italics," specially recommending it as a very sensible work, eminently practical in its scope, looking forward, rather than back on obsolete old things, and animated by a spirit of philanthropy and usefulness worthy of this progressive age. Thus, in the main, prepossessed, though not without certain uneasy misgivings, I began dipping into it in the intervals of the more interesting scenery; but, before long, my unseen brows felt puckered, and the very spirit of dissentience within me was awakened; for the tenets of the treatise were such that it seemed, at the time, as if this highly vigorous lady-divine, lady-moralist, and lady political-economist, were personally lecturing and rebuking me on those very notions and purposes which were then enthusiastically uppermost in my thoughts. By one passage in her preliminary discourse was I coldly be-watered particularly; and as its sentiments represent those of a very wide class, and indeed provoke the depths of my principles in the matters to which these papers are chiefly dedicated, I must extract it; for certainly I could not enter Rome in comfort with such an adversary in my rear uncombated.

"Pictures, and statues, and marble duomos" (she announces in her outset), "and bronze gates of Paradise are all very good things in their way, but the history of Italy shows that their existence is perfectly compatible with utmost oppression, utmost stagnant corruption of the whole social atmosphere. No painting of Raphael's has helped any city to self-government; the very finest of Michael Angelo's sculptures has failed to improve the condition—moral, political, or sanitary—of a single parish. Nay, it would actually seem, if we consider which were the great artistic ages, classic and renaissance, that there was some singular co-relation between the production and patronage of high works of Art, and the synchronous apparition of the most portentous depravity the world has known."—"Does Art, then, make saints and

heroes? Nay, it cannot withhold man from a single vice, or stay the hand from one solitary tyrant. Rather does it gild over corruption, otherwise too gross and hideous, and add a delusive nimbus to the crown of the despot."—"Italy has had enough of such."—"But if any number of square feet of canvas covered by the very finest designs are not found successful in stopping judicial murder and robbery, and in pulling down despots, it does appear, strangely enough, that a certain amount of iron tramways with locomotives, or of good post roads, is not inefficacious in these respects. Tyrants, lay and ecclesiastical, seem to have the same difficulty in sustaining the scream of a railway whistle that ghosts used to feel at the crowing of a cock. Locomotive humanity is always troublesome," &c. &c. &c.

Descending the Alps for an intellectual campaign, it is thus this able and philanthropic lady gives out that her attention will be devoted to matters more momentous in these enlightened and progressive days than the Fine Arts, which evidently, in the full flow of her utilitarian high spirits, seem worse than useless. The Art-temple of the Beautiful, according to her view, but pinnacles the Isle of the Syrens, so that it is high time to shoot past it, Express, to hospitals and workshops, committee rooms and Sunday-schools, and all those other sources of sound religious and civil instruction, where practical truths, with self-denying duties, advance both sexes of mankind. In this vein vast numbers in England now think, and indeed the principle has made its way to the bottom of our aesthetics themselves; beauty (in each specific kind, the very distinctive object of Art) having been disparaged, and "stern facts," without regard for external attractiveness, put forward as the painter's worthier aim. Nay, "the bright consummate flower" has been opposed to the tree that bears it, beauty and truth being hitched into an antithesis, as denoting the left and the right, the goats and sheep of the imagination; the most eloquent of critics at the close of his long and arduous labours, without the faith which alone could give them any value, forlornly declaring that *what the final use may be to men of natural beauty he does not yet know*.

Certainly, it is of no use in illustrating and enforcing lugubrious and morbid moralisings. But Beauty, I humbly thought, was the sole link between our *imaginations* and heaven—the very flower of life's tree, the "bright day" of him who "sits i' the centre." I used simply to conceive that by beauty were given the celestial glimmerings in sick-chambers and around deathbeds; that she was a great antagonist of horror and terror, in their darker moments preventing our being dragged down by them to deadly rottenness. A great antagonist, I thought her, too, of that austere fanaticism which grows cruel in its hardness. I fancied she was the divine sweetener, and very anchor, of the wild imagination, the tender-thoughted poor man's magnificent mental possession or estate; through love of her (his sole endowment, it may be), the real stars being his more deeply than those on the gilded roof belonged to Crassus; and the priceless works of Art being his, no less, in their spirit and essence indefeasibly, whilst their pampered possessor owns but their bare substance precariously. I believed that beauty was the divine rich solace of many to whom fortune has been but mean and niggardly. But these are not the *final* use, Melancholy objects, being ephemeral, and therefore trivial, all.—Well, then, the final use of beauty may be, that it is the sweet nourishment of the imagination, which trains

and educates that faculty of the soul for a happier state of existence hereafter, when all things will be "beautiful exceedingly."*

But this is a mere irrepressible parenthesis quite apart from my present Anti-Cobbeian purposes. One of my chief objects in now visiting Rome being a better acquaintance with Raphael and Michael Angelo, the above passages on the journey thither certainly did for a few moments disconcert me. Cleverly, they represent the popular thought in my own esthetically-strayed, yet very dear country, reminding me that the cause of the Ideal there is low indeed. And, indeed, since very few perhaps will attend to anything said on that subject, "were it not better done as others use," to visit hospitals, poorhouses, and committee rooms, instead? There was a lovely girl at the station of Frosinone, from the country, waiting, obviously, for her admirer, in a most perfect instance of the Roman peasant girl's *fiesta* dress, snowy *toraglia* and scarlet *busto* all complete; but instead of looking at her, I continued studying "Italics," till twilight made me leave off, when lo, there was nature tempting me again, in such a display as I could not resist.

The dome of St. Peter's then first appeared on the horizon of the lone Campagna—a calm ocean of deep shadow, beneath a cloudless glow of orange light diffused through the evening sky, the most intense and fervid I ever witnessed. It looked more than a mere sky; a special heavenly glorification, it seemed, of the scene of so much greatness, melancholy because of the wickedness so much alloying that greatness, yet with a heart-flush of holy tenderness more cognizant of great spiritual truths there sealed by martyrdoms, and forms of beauty born, which link our fancies to heaven near and brightly.

Along our course, slender aspen-like trees rose against this elegiac splendour, in most delicate traceries, utterly black; and low in the Campagna a thick cloud of local malaria was rosily flushed by it. A sense of Fabius was about that long lonely ridge which sloped above this, down to the hushed dark sea. But on the other hand, the full moon was rising behind high Albano, so golden, and large, and warmly smiling, that I really think I had never seen a moon so much so. One was tempted to call it a nocturnal sun, rather: an hymeneal moon it seemed, sweet queen of the kind vernacularly called "honey"—a bridegroom's sun. Ah, fair Miss Cobbe (may this irrepressible apostrophe be pardoned), the loveliest lady in all the world having been married that day, the moon was sympathising warmly. Anon, the stars were shining within the countless arches of the Claudian aqueduct; and towers, and a certain domed ruin, all open arches, that seemed *built* of the most silvery moonlight, were shot past, only too hurriedly.

All this was beautiful; but whether an attempt to convert it into ideas would be

* The penultimate chapter of "Modern Painters," which gives a disheartening moral to all that went before, is surely founded on an unhappy misconception. Turner (*the painter of labour, sorrow, and death*) "only momentarily dwells on anything else than ruin." The worm is in all his flowers. All is faded glory, "vain beauty." This is like dwelling on the shadows of a picture and ignoring the lights. Turner, indeed, delighted in ruins, but he delighted especially in making them very colonies of loveliest vegetation, very foils to Aurora, or Hesperus, in all their rosiest radiance. His moral seems to me rather;—unhallowed impious power decays; but, *acc*, the beauty of nature, as if indeed precursor, very dawning of the everlasting heavenly beauty, renews itself for ever. It is the very essential of the highly poetic mind to soar! above death and decay; and certainly, on occasion, Turner was the most purely brightly cheerful of landscapists.

endorsed by an utilitarian, and, if so, whether that would be practicable (even with Miss Cobbe's pen), without something of the Art which she is so fond of disparaging, is what I might then have considered, but for the distracting noise kept up by a crowd of fellow-travellers. A number of men much above the humbler class, who joined us at Albano, men of the most boisterous manners, harshest voices, and worst tobacco, were jesting with such violent horse-play, as had utterly withheld me from those solemn silent vespers of dark Roman earth, and twilight trees, and distant lonely-looking dome. A rude unseemliness was there on everything about them. Plainly, they had no sense of the beautiful, no tincture by nature, or by culture, of the Art-element; and certainly this did seem to me the very thing wanting to smooth down much that was zoological rather than human in them.

Thus, everything suggested a vein of Anti-Cobbeian sentiment; and, being jealous of my opinions, anxious to vindicate them, when quiet succeeded, not only in the railway carriage, but on my pillow at the Hotel d'Allemagne, was I imaginarily discoursing aesthetics to that philosophic and ingenious lady. In this unphilosophic, however,—in reviving that wretched superannuated antithesis between Nature, and Art our only possible means of representing Nature, to which she herself has recourse every time she strings two graphic words together in her lively, agreeable compositions. Surely, the comparative importance of the two is simply the difference between a thing, and a representation of it. And how could she contrive, manage, and bring herself to think Art useless because its greatness was "synchronous" with the depths of human depravity (the century of the Borgias, as she expresses it, being the very culmination of Italian painting), forgetting that it was also the age of Luther, and Tasso, and Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Bacon, whose works might just as well be slighted superciliously on the same ground, since neither did they prevent the frightful iniquity of that mighty renaissance period, when the extreme energy of greatness and villainess flourished side by side, unblent. But ever the periods of revelation were thus the periods of the worst wickedness; and if Michael Angelo and Raphael have done little good, surely the fault was not in them, but in the blindness or neglect of others, from their earliest imitators down to the too volatile and heedless authoress of "Italics" herself. They were, Miss Cobbe, as the Prophets who called from the housetops when nobody listened. If images of moral and intellectual beauty and sublimity, of heavenly love, of greatness tempered by modesty and graciousness, have indeed no interest for mankind, that is their fault alone; and the corruption of the imagination which prevailed will be traceable to the pursuit of objects and fashions quite contrary to the works of those divine artists—frivolous and barbaric vanities, to soulless pedantries, golden calves in disguise. And, Miss Cobbe, Miss Cobbe, excuse me, but really this is *not* utilitarian, but simply the way to addle and confuse, thus (as between pictures and locomotives) to draw one-sided disparagements between things utterly disparate in nature and results; but both indispensable, surely, to a civilised people. Were it not juster to regard the Arts as the due balance, or complement, of what you admire so? since the more wealth and means of refinement, the more, surely, that refinement is need-

ful. The more Mammon has means to tempt us into upstart ostentation and low excess, the more need of that spirit of beauty which refines the imagination, "shows virtue in her shape how lovely," elevates the sweet simplicity of nature above the dazzling incumbrances of expense, and is the antagonist of worldliness especially.

And furthermore, in this same highly advanced age, a deeper philosophy might have been expected than that commonest old notion of utility, which pets with its name the things of practical, social, and externally moral life, and denies it to the cultivation of the imagination—that unextinguishable, ever active faculty which, whether occupied with the ideal or the real, the great or the little, is the source of so many of our thoughts, so commonly gives the tone and colour to them, and surely needs guidance, to save it from those sordid, mean, and trivial views in which it is but too apt to become engrossed, leading the heart to follow, with folly, vice, and crime. To disparage thus, by such opposites, that which enriches and elevates this great faculty, is surely to multiply means, but deprive the end itself of beauty and value; for these things thus preferred are but means and safeguards of life; the inner central life itself being the exercise of the affections, and the imagination; "mere imagination" being active infinitely oftener than is vulgarly recognised, and occupied as intensely with the meanest real (exaggerating it into undue value and moment), as with the highest ideal. The frivolous worldling imagines as many petty mortifications and hollow delights, as the poet everlasting beauties: the sordid miser goes on imagining about his cash-box, till he imagines it empty. Ah, the mother-in-law who swept all the dust in the house into the poor poet's brains, and, ere the honeymoon was over, inexorably called down her daughter from high-reaching fancies, which entwined fondly with his, to a chest of drawers where stockings lay undarned, was perhaps, after *her* fashion, as imaginative as they, in her conceptions of the beauty, dignity, and beatitude of tidiness. The ways of vulgarity, avarice, rigid and cruel fanaticism, and murderous crime, are the ugly ways of darkened imagination, ungraced by the light of beauty, which is a rosy emanation from the inner light of heavenly love. Therefore, is everything that purifies and ennobles that faculty, of the profoundest, primary, fundamental importance. And where else shall our intellectual leaders find types and standards, by which to raise its objects, so beautiful and great as in the works of those two artists, thus specially run down by the "locomotive," with this incomparable lady for driver, and stoker also?

When I talked of visiting Rome, a certain venerable friend (anticipating inkshed) admonished me that Raphael and Michael Angelo composed but a hackneyed, obsolete topic. So far from that, thought I, obstinately, we are in mere forgetfulness of them; and, indeed, according to the usual cyclical mutations, it is now pretty nearly time for them to veer round into vogue again—a revolution which it may be canny to be one of the first to anticipate. It is *we* who are "effete," not they, who may lead us back to youth and freshness, our best guides to conceptions of healthy, beautiful, dignified, pathetic humanity. Recently, there has been, for the first time, *popularising* eloquence about Art; but unfortunately it popularised by lowering it down to that

vulgar matter-of-factness, and dull purism, which are radical defects in the British mind. In the late "revival," the whole subject was but a supply of imagery, of a stalking horse for the purposes of that purism; objects, and great painters' names, being made symbols of good and evil according to the aesthete's peculiar whim and temper. Nothing went down but imitation of certain qualities in favour with rigid ungenial minds; everything distinctively human being out of repute, and those greatest artists who founded their conception on sound human nature, being curiously ignored, or still more curiously contemned and vilified. It was reserved for our immortal indestructible Dickens to delineate a character by a single word, "Terewth;" and we have lately had Chadbandism, not only in theology but in painting, in which the lines of truth are cramped and distorted, and her very heart and spirit left out. The consequence has been a minute slavish elaboration of details in the higher characteristics and relations generally false, and in human nature (least interesting of objects) a miserably low type; a sense of moral and intellectual beauty being seen but rarely, and in slight degrees. This is admitted; but the merited stricture is commonly rounded off by the comforting assurance of general progress. No doubt, there are hopeful hands among us, newly appearing, who will be true artists just so far as they venerate the great antecedents of Art; but what general progress is there from an over-wrought realising of mere material, to beauty, dignity, tenderness, and pathos of conception? Realism has reached the barrier of its end; and in order to advance, it seems as if Art must be turned back to first principles of elementary lines and curves, and be born anew to more tender, simple, healthful impressions.

In a similar condition wide-spread in our tempers and manners (for Art is but a symptom of the time), a certain quality needed is well summed by an appellative drawn from the name of one whose temper, taste, and judgment in what he did were excellent assuredly—the *Raphaelesque*. Pictorially, the word means the combination of the human, the impassioned, the intellectual, with beauty, grace, and dignity: it means whatever in our hearts and fancies we most feel the want of, on turning away wearied from the Exhibitions of our Royal Academy. In larger sense, it expresses a want in much of us, generally, now-a-days in England—signifying that true gentleness and simplicity of feeling, that urbanity and graciousness which alone (amidst the temptations of hereditary self-conceit, and of crude upstart Mammon) distinguish what is truly becoming. When I see a young lady perfected in the fashion of a cold proud air—Pre-Raphaelitising the *Raphaelesque* curves of her naturally fine face—I say to myself, Ah, if you had only been properly taught your *Raphael* (instead, for instance, of all that declamatory singing in the ostentatious new style), you would be more charming, not only in manners, dress, and air, but physically handsomer, improved in the very lines of your features. Raphaelism would have saved the parliamentary philosopher of Westminster, the other day, from those acrimonious speeches which led the *Pall Mall Gazette* to mourn over "a lost philosopher," would have preserved the fine living words and brilliant fancies of Mr. Ruskin for ever. Indeed, as it signifies, generally, that which

is sweetly and nobly tempered, we have few who might not be improved by it. But in England we have shut our eyes against this finest, most gracious exemplar, for the last thirty years regarding him as superficial, and not sufficiently pious or moral (Heaven bless the mark!), gauging a graphic Shakspeare, with the pettiest tests of dilettanti religionism, emasculating purism, and trivial smatterings of all the new ologies. Meanwhile, the French and Germans, far more sensibly, were taking the contrary course, with what result we saw with admiring amazement in our last Great Exhibition. Their gifted artists—in Germany enlightened by deep criticism, and in France led by admirable Art-instincts—sought to apply Raphael's principles as he himself might have done, had he lived in these days, and sought to represent the life and nature now around us.

The most refined work by living hand, very probably, in that vast collection at South Kensington, 'The Funeral in the Forest,' by Ludwig Knaus, was most essentially Raphaellesque. Nor did its Raphael-esque characteristics, while they gave beauty and refinement to that incomparable group of children heading the funeral procession, in the least weaken the truthful expression of anything proper to our times. Indeed, the delightful feature of that enchanting collection of foreign pictures, the production of which was synchronous (as Miss Cobbe would say) with our mediæval and most dreary rubbish, was the successful application of this style to *genre* pictures of ordinary life, giving them higher interest than they ever had before. The Raphael-esque, tabooed by us, brought out graces of humanity even in the cold cabins of Dalecarlia. Observe the artistic purpose and superior grace, in such pictures, of their design in every part, the simple colour, the subjection of accessories to principals, of mere matter to sentiment. And then compare the mere hap-hazard dabbling of colours common with us for loosely lively effect, the haberdasher's conceptions, the subordination, and weak slight treatment, of the human part of the subject; and surely the judgment perforce arrived at will scarcely be honourable to a nation which now and then assumes to be the head of civilisation.

Above all, our type of humanity (to improve which is incomparably the greatest object of Art) is much inferior to theirs, and commonly vulgar, insipid, fantastical, turgid. In the two "pictures of this year," Mr. Leighton's 'Syracusan Women,' and Mr. Macclise's 'Death of Nelson,' this negation of all that is finely human in humanity pre-eminently appeared to represent, in opposite manners, the strange barrenness of our Art. What I particularly wish to know of Mr. Leighton's women, in that picture, is whether they are wise or foolish, virtuous or naughty; surmises, meanwhile, being unfavourable, from that fastidiousness in their air which seems too super-dainty for moral questions. Besides, the diminutive wild beasts they lead to the temple are manifestly not only tamed, but demoralised. Sleepy are these ladies, very; and from their lustreless heavy eyes, and sapless complexions, apparently of unsound livers, giving cause, perhaps, for what may be an elegant form of hypochondriasis. But, really I cannot predicate firmly any good of them. They seem neither of earth nor heaven; not of Eve or of Urania the daughters, but the dream of some effeminate youth of Sybaris, distempered somewhat by the crumpling of his roseleaves. Fine ladies of the Limbo of Vanity they appear

to be, whose only influence over us can be to encourage a morbid fastidiousness, a coxcombry in poetic guise still daintier than that already widely amongst us.

The author of such a work can scarcely feel much imaginative interest in anything manly; and therefore the apish and dwarfish little poets and philosophers beneath are just what might have been expected. This picture marking our effeminate dereliction from the human, the 'Death of Nelson' (unfortunately not merely a picture of the year, but the picture of the nation) is typical of our hard stony ignoring of it. The sunshine of the soul brightens not this painter's work. With all his rich romantic invention, and extraordinary power of scientific drawing, his conceptions have no spirituality. And so here is nothing above frigid staring, and expression of the more painful emotions, of uneasy apprehension especially; of generous heroism not a gleam, of the characteristics of Englishmen hardly a trace. But for their dresses, these coldly frowning barbarians would seem rather the Norsemen of some old Runic ballad, and Nelson, their Vickings, reproaching Woden with his last icy glance, for having deserted him. For the rest, it is a surgical rather than historical conception of a battle.*

At any rate, Miss Cobbe, Raphael is human; and Michael Angelo is so too, in that his figures express the supreme of intellectual thoughtfulness. Neither is vapid, nor turgid; and both have that great requisite in Art which now-a-days we never hear of in England, a style. We, on the other hand, prevalently oscillating between vulgarity and phantasy, milk and water and frigidity, and (compare with such as Knaus, Exner, Hamon, and Cabanel) most wanting taste (which is represented by style), don't you, on second thoughts, perceive that we ought to look out for models somewhere? for it is by this time pretty well proved that in Nature alone we find but what we seek, translating, disintegrating, distorting her into our own crudity. And, indeed, a result commonly feared, namely, "mere imitation of the old masters," might be received thankfully as a most useful discovery, demonstrating, as it would, that the student is destitute of spirit and invention, and therefore should be warned in time to throw his pencil away. On the whole, I added finally (turning my head away on my pillow in the Hotel d'Allemagne at Rome, for it was by this time two o'clock in the morning), do you not begin to suspect that in those paintings in the Vatican at any rate, the papal keys keep guard over a peculiar portion of heavenly truth, which, conned thoughtfully, and with due study of self and of nature likewise, may tend to purify very many of us from flippant go-ahead vulgarity, acceleration of self-conceit by Express (which leads surely to disastrous collisions sometimes), and especially may lift our imaginations above the thralldom of trivial, sordid, and fantastical considerations.

No doubt, our lively itinerant utilitarians may now do Italy much good, wean her from "the illusions of Popery," organise her Sunday-schools, institute for her Nightly

* The technical, no less than the expressional eccentricities of Mr. Leighton's picture should have been censured as so much corruption of our taste and Art. The light and shade, scarcely to be called such, is on the principle of an arabesque; a certain effect being made by masses in opposition quite irrespective of nature's chiar-oscuro. Mr. Macclise's dextrous drawing is here called scientific, inasmuch as it wants the great artistic quality of style; every object being iron-cast in the same rigid and therefore not truthful manner. It very much looks as if Cornelius and Schnorr had been his masters. The study of Michael Angelo (who is never turgid in his lines) and Raphael, would have made this error scarcely possible.

Refuges for the Destitute better than the "Lambeth Casual," Pauper Infirmary quite superior to that of our Strand Workhouse, Limited Liability Companies in which the liability shall extend to the managers, nay, even Midsummer Nights' Fêtes more lovely than those in Hyde Park enjoyed by Mr. Beales's "People." But let not Britannia conclude that she goes there purely as a locomotive schoolmistress and lecturer, without any opportunity of earning valuable intellectual benefits in exchange. For Italy, meanwhile, has still a divine lesson for our instruction, a remedy applicable to the very roots of all good things, which may make them grow more beautifully—the lesson of Ideal Beauty, that is to say. And in proportion to our ability to learn it, may be reduced among us a vulgarity rampant to an extent unequalled in any other extremely civilised country, and many cold defects in fancy and taste verging on downright hideous barbarism.

Happily were those two arch-artists named after the two archangels, whose spirit, as portrayed by Milton's adequate authority, theirs resembled singularly. Michael, the envoy sent with the sterner edicts, "not sociably mild, as Raphael, but solemn and sublime," Adam describes him; Raphael, "the affable archangel," chosen for the more gracious intercourse,—seem they not very archtypes of Michael Angelo and Raphael, the only two great illustrators of Holy Writ; the one austere sublime, artist of the old dispensation, the other divinely humanly beautiful, distinctively the painter of the gospel. Fancy, perhaps, may be permitted to conceive that the angels in whose honour these children were named at the font met the appeal in an especial manner. Indeed, any one sharing Dr. Newman's definite belief, put forth in his "Apologia," that it is the special office of angels to aid man in his great intellectual discoveries and achievements, could hardly avoid imagining that they personally graced their studios, and even sometimes went so far as to guide their hands—that thus the godsons of these seraphic sponsors, by their special tutelage, may have risen above all others, above all schools, all rivalry, and without successors; no other artists, except Rubens, perhaps, meriting rank with the great epic poets. And few facts are more striking than that these two were at their masterpieces at the same time, in the same building; for Raphael came to Rome in the very year when Michael Angelo began to paint in the Sistine Chapel. But the cabals of others seemingly prevented more than a brief, barely civil personal communication between them; the cause probably much lying in the fact that Raphael was introduced at Rome by his fellow-townsmen, Bramante; who, ever dreading the competition of Michael Angelo, schemed against him, and even tried to effect his exclusion from the Sistine Chapel itself, and the employment of Raphael there instead. Besides, their tempers were contrary, and the austere, unsocial Michael Angelo, of more experience of the evil in the world, was perhaps much out of patience with that sunny young man who seemed to perceive only the pleasant and amiable side of things. "There you go with all your train, like a provost," he is related to have said, passing him one day attended by a courtier-like clique. "And you like the hangman, alone," was the sharp retort, regretted, perhaps, the next moment. Nevertheless, Raphael, omnivorous of excellence, was all eagerness to profit by a stolen peep at the work of the solitary Florentine, as a

means of strengthening and magnifying his powers; and prince as he was, not only of painting, but of courtesy, he declared with an admirable grace of modesty, that his lot, happy in many things, was happiest of all in being cast in the age of Michael Angelo; who had taught him an art far other than that of the old masters. Michael Angelo, on the other hand, would not so much as turn round to learn anything of Raphael, who should, no less, have been an invaluable blessing to his genius, fostering by friendliness, and gentle influence, those matchless serener graces which in his later works we miss, giving way, as they probably did, to lonely austerity and heaviness of heart. But he worked disdainfully alone; nor in his earlier production in the Sistine Chapel, the ceiling, is there a deficiency which his only rival could have remedied.

The Prophets and Sybils there, the most solemnly grand creations existing in the art, are the only paintings which inspire such feelings as are experienced on entering a great Gothic minster. Full of awe and deep mystery are the beings there—fit vehicles for the Divine Word, which they contemplate with a meditation due to wisdom fathomless, eternal, infinite: it is not theirs, and in part only can they interpret it. With tremulous reverence the aged sybil of Cumæ opens that oracular book; and Daniel's hair seems stirred at the things he has to set down. Had the Jews themselves been drawn to art of this kind rather than forbidden it, they might, perhaps ere this, have come to produce such figures, which have in them the mysterious spirituality and infinity of the Semitic mind, as ever distinguishable from the finite human ideality of the Aryan Antique. Nevertheless, the moods of these great beings are as various as may consist with thoughts on which they could sit pondering for ever; and each figure, with a far more attractive beauty and graciousness than are usually conceived of Michael Angelo, has a strikingly appropriate character and action, wrought out with picturesque circumstances of happiest invention; the elegance of the Delphic Sybil, the majestic animation of Isaiah, and the elegiac pensiveness of Jeremiah, presenting conspicuously admirable instances. But the mere external peculiarities of nations are undistinguished, in the spirit of that highest imagination which disregards mere time and place, sedulous only with relation to what is deeply, lastingly, essential, changeless.* Michael Angelo's sybilline volumes were not those in which our painters now-a-days confide, namely, works of archaeology, and various other ologies, but Holy Writ, and Nature, as impressed on that other sacred writ, his deep heart and sublime imagination.

All about the Prophets and Sybils, and peopling pilaster, arch, and every "coigne of vantage" in the architecture, are those eminently enigmatical figures of genii, numerous, and some of them strange, as the birds of Noah's floating aviary settling everywhere on the rafters of the ark, or on some grove of Ararat, when the deluge had subsided; many in attitudes quaint and fantastical as those *funambuli* who used to dance on ropes over Roman suppers, but others supremely graceful and majestic, likely, indeed, to be overlooked amidst a

* The Delphic Sybil, in a turban, is, for instance, Greek only in her pre-eminent grace, elegance, and beauty, and especially in a face which Leslie, judging only from a copy, considered the most beautiful of all he had ever seen produced by Art. Our present plan would be new-fangled erudition in dress and ornaments, but neither grace nor beauty; a strange body, and no soul at all.

host, but every way worthy of central exaltation, and most admiring regard. But for these last (which are positively Phidian here and there, and the more notably, as nothing of the purest Greek Art had then been found), one might think this swarm of mysteries in human shape represented the lawless powers in contrast to the spirit of the law, solemnly embodied in the chief figures. But Michael Angelo is beyond precise interpretation. It is his to do that which words scarce shadow—to invent, not merely incidents, motives, and suggestions better expressed by literature (a sort of invention our full-worded critics have of late unduly exalted, as offering more for their ingenuity and descriptive powers), but to attain the height of a *purely graphic* invention, by conceiving, in inexhaustible profusion and variety, *forms and postures*, exemplifying an indescribable power in such objects. Rogers, one of the most tasteful of men, remarked that he would not give much for a picture that could be described: so well he knew that every art finds its true honour in what it alone can do. And, indeed, one might as well endeavour, like those ridiculous synoptical programmes at St. James's Hall, to follow out in words one of Beethoven's symphonies, as these creations of Michael Angelo's; which may be looked on as their pictorial analogy, showing the power of form, as *they* of sound, in its profounder combinations. Therefore, I leave the Prophets and Sybils with my vocabulary abashed and humbled, and but a trivial remark on that strange flight of genii *at roost* around them, conjecturing that their grotesqueness may be derived remotely from the antique decorations—that these *grotesques* of Michael Angelo's are his characteristic improvement of the ancient fantastic work of genii and arabesques; such as yet smile, like little stray sunbeams, in the imperial dens of the Esquiline and Palatine, where the horse-laugh of Nero seems yet faintly to resound, as your foot treads, echoing, through his festive halls, now buried into subterranean vaults and crypts.

A contrast to the prophetic figures lies also in the tender quietude of the Groups immediately above the windows, representing the Virgin's Ancestry, a gentle undertone running through the mightier harmonies, of the love and peacefulness of parents and children, graceful and touching, yet of a grave solemnity distinctively Michael-Angelical. Beings, they seem, set apart in some intermediate shadowy world, where, still nursing their human affections, they await with a deep pensiveness their future sunnier felicity.

In the spandrels lower, the figures certainly include livelier varieties of human emotions. For here are groups of mothers, brightly playful with their children, and *beswarned* by them, superlative for lovely gracefulness. Men there are, too, some of them quite quaint and odd, busy in common occupations, but others in profoundest unearthly contemplation, figures such as, no doubt, ghosts dream of, reminding one of the deep things in Dante. A boundless storehouse are these little corners of Michael Angelo, for uninventive artists to steal from, where even common and playful things are made great by his great air, and infinite sublimity (in little) embellishes a mere moulding.

Thus far may be likened to lyrical productions. The sacred *epical* powers of this Milton of Art appear in the central compartments of the ceiling, where his representations of the Creation and the Fall (*his*

Paradise Lost, sole parallel of *ours*) are!—supreme masterpieces of the imagination for impressive narrative, simplicity, grace, and grandeur. In their irremovable solitude, perishableness, and soleness, as the very top and crown of the painters' thoughts, they may be regarded with something of the melancholy awe with which you might look upon a fragile copy of Milton's Epic, conceived as the only one, and yet neither to be removed nor fully read. The figures of the Deity, in comet-like progress creating sun and moon, and sometimes bearing through the air a cloud of infant loves (as if pleased to permit himself to be supported by them, for "of such is the kingdom of heaven"), are profound ideals of reverence. Well-meaning persons, naturally enough, sometimes shrink from such an attempt even as this to represent the Supreme Being. Very well, in many cases, if it lead them to reflect that the Deity may be dishonoured in words, as well as in lines, and in pulpits and meeting-houses even, by confident familiar delineations of him, and more profoundly dishonoured, since with respect to qualities mental, not merely personal. At all events, Buonarroti is better than Bethesda. Nor seem the Cherubs, as here first imagined by Michael Angelo, unmeet for such a Being, and those his acts, in so far as they are obviously fit for something more than to give soft response to the sad lachrymose love of nun, or shaveling, by bad theology perverted from its natural aim, but strong and keen, though innocent and beautiful, and apt, eager, for missions of creative energy and power. In one of these pictures, the instinctive bending in adoration of Eve, as she first rises from Adam's side, and, in another, the queenly luxurious pride of grace with which she receives the apple from the tempter (who by his flattery has already puffed her up to the very supremacy of female airs), are transcendent conceptions. Yet Adam perhaps is even more beautiful; and Vasari's praise of his figure as newly created, is turned happily. Where placidly and passively, yet with the majesty becoming the ruler of the world, he is expanding into life by the sun-like attraction of the hovering Deity, who holds forth his finger to inspire him, one might indeed "conceive the figure to be immediately created by the Divine Father, rather than produced by a mere human pencil." The unclouded genius of Athens, in the pediment of the Parthenon, wrought figures that resemble this in godlike serenity; but none else, so far as can now be known, have come near it. German critics in saying that Michael Angelo never attained the ideal beauty of *calm*, distinctive of the antique, surely overlooked this figure and many of the genii underneath; though it must be admitted that afterwards he fell off from this heavenly gift, in the heaviness, perhaps, of sad and evil days. But here, in his meridian prime, it is the beauty and grace and tenderness, infinitely beyond what engravings indicate, that unexpectedly interests in these works; and indeed what discovery can be more pleasing, than that he whom you revered far off for grandeur, is found on near approach, as his close parallel Milton is, gentle and kindly of heart, with even unfoldings of perfect geniality. In grace, Michael Angelo is not at all beneath Raphael, though with a graver and more solemn air; such being his temper, of less urbanity, yet in his pent-up solitary heart lowly and simple of feeling; as may be gathered, not only from his intercourse with his humbler friends, but even profusely in these works, from touches

all the more pathetic as being amidst the highest of awful power. As a technical indication of this spirit, especially interesting is the light tenderness of the execution: the drawing being not only of unrivalled mastery, but delicately clear; and the colouring, though now obscured by time, and by the assiduities of incense, was, no doubt, originally of a pleasing mild harmony admirably subordinated to the design; consummate judgment being also shown in the airy lightness of the whole, which counteracts so well the duskiness of that lofty roof.*

Finding the Florentine painters he had engaged to help him powerless to represent his thought and feeling, he soon locked the door against them, and not having the heart to face them under such circumstances, went out of the way: they divined, however, at once, the cause of their exclusion, and immediately set out quietly on the road back to Florence. Thus Michael Angelo, who never wanted resolution when anything great was at stake, was often in ordinary affairs shy and easily embarrassed. All by himself he then laboured, in about twenty months producing the greatest work of Art ever accomplished by a single hand. One of his sonnets gives a playful glimpse of him lying on his back, and the colours dropping on his face; but in the end his sight was so tried, that for some months he could not read anything unless raised above his eyes in the direction in which they had so long been occupied. Singularly, his recent biographer, Dr. Harford, was lastingly blinded through his intense scrutiny of these frescoes, so lofty and obscure in their position. In producing them, their author was not only without counsel, but without example in Art. Here with an imagination that soared independently of all its traditions, and even despised too much the best of those who followed them, he began his own great style, and at once absolutely perfected it, in that in which no one ever rivalled him, or produced more than a mere superficial, rapidly puffed imitation. Here, in one work, were the beginning and the consummation of free greatness in painting; all that had been done before having grown imperfectly, and with most limited results, out of the cramped early manner.

"All he had in art he learned of me," said Michael Angelo of Raphael. Words so far deeply true as that here dawned on Raphael's beating heart, and rapidly kindling soul, a new sense of freedom and power, which, however, he translated from the purely sublime to the humanly winning, in a spirit wholly his own. His wonderful ardent adroitness in enriching his mind with all excellence in Nature or Art has been vulgarly confounded with rivalry. Nevertheless, when experimenting Michael Angelically in Santa Maria della Pace, it would have been better not to discredit those nobly graceful figures by dubbing them Sybils. And his Isaiah is a mild merely perspicuous divine! You really feel as if you could understand everything he said. Here Raphael only begged attention to a hopeless point of inferiority. Equal to nearly everything else, the Sybils and Prophets he should have left to their own more deeply meditative limner—deeply meditative, indeed! His pre-eminent gift seems to have been to represent

thought in its sublimity and profoundest depths, as much as Raphael's was to delineate the human passions and affections in every variety, and human dignity and amiableness in form and demeanour,—as much as the great endowment of Rubens (the third of the supreme triad of painters), was to dash in the more physical life and energies, magnificently. It has been well said that in Michael Angelo's figures every member bears the same impress of deep thought, raising them to an aspect of unrivalled capacity and dignity. Almost, I could think, that Milton remembered them, when he sang of those who

"—apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute."

For the marmoreal words of that whole passage do, best of all that has ever been written, convey the tone and feeling of the grand embodied thoughtfulness of Michael Angelo.

His 'Last Judgment' over the altar in the same chapel, has, at all times, met with the severest judgments itself; and now-a-days extremely few seem to think it worth notice; our average tourists, of the class whom the police with difficulty kept from mobbing Mr. Frith's cold vapourities, caring for it no more than for any thing that is heavily obsolete. It is a work done late in life, thirty years later than the ceiling, and when the arch-artist's mind seems to have become gloomy from protracted evil days, disappointments, and loneliness; and partly from this heaviness, perhaps, his imagination had become burdened with muscular anatomy. A heaven of joyless Titans, with an Herculean Saviour, an Adam like Enceladus, and a St. Catherine proportioned like Ops, is I confess, doubtless oppressive. And even I should feel constrained to shrink from such a Paradise, for fear of being overlaid, every way, by these blessed, or about-to-be-blessed, colossi. Such a conception of the heavenly part of the subject may well be deeply regretted in one whose earlier works, not rarely, brighten into a divine beauty, supreme of its kind. Still, even here, if we can but strip away in thought this Titanic excess of form, we shall find numberless figures and groups, though not tenderly shaped, most admirably designed, dignified, graceful, expressive, with many touches of tenderness, and pathos, and of infinite poetry. And without this thinning demuscularising process, in the heaps of damned hurled down, and of those who would steal up, rolled and shot down again, such terror and despair are there, such marvels of invention and artistic power, as in genius rival fully anything on the ceiling, and make all else of the kind in Art seem poor; except one picture at Munich by Rubens, where the living storm of terror and agony is as sublime in its fiercely, fierily, energetic kind, though nothing so sadly solemn. And in the Florentine's work, in those floating to heaven, however ponderous in form, so light in movement as they ascend in airy columns, but for this same burden of anatomy, what faith and love would brightly appear, in tender wreaths aspiring. Surely it were better not to be kept back from such things by a mere outer obscurity and heaviness, and to let Michael Angelo himself here teach us, once for all, that useful lesson, how poor it is to be deterred and intellectually defeated by superficial appearances. Besides, after all, he peradventure had some reasons for what we may have been shallowly trying to pal-

liate. In that moment of eternal doom, all things may be conceived as in some tremendous shadowy eclipse, magnified into a gloomily gigantic, phantasmal appearance. Even for the Titanic figure of the Saviour, to which our lady-criticism scarcely lifted her meekly-severe eyes, there may, methinks, be some cogent excuses. In the moment of eternising misery, of adopting, for ever, the most dreadful inventions of men, such an aspect is surely more appropriate, more satisfactory to candid feeling, than that imperturbable placidity for which such conceptions as Fra Angelico's have been so gracefully eulogised. Besides, Michael Angelo has not, like the Orcagnas and Angelicos, painted the tortures themselves disgustingly, but only the apprehension of them, with that true tragical greatness which fills this Advent to an *Inferno*, like Milton's Pandemonium, with the noblest delineations of the dark side of our nature, deeply interesting, surely, to those who sometimes remember that to ignore may not be the best way to remedy, or even to avoid.

Yet when Michael Angelo painted this, the amazing depravity into which the world about him had more and more darkly settled itself, may have deepened the severity of his imagination, generally, not the less. Florence, for whose freedom he had ever vaguely yearned with the fervour of a disciple of Dante, was newly enslaved for that murderous young Mulatto, who at her festivities disguised as a nun added the vilest zests to every kind of wickedness. Hating Michael Angelo, he sought to wheedle him to Florence; but the artist was wary; and so, as Michael Angelo would not go to the Duke, it soon came about that the Duke had to go to Michael Angelo, nothing less; for on his murder, they took his body out of the way by night into the sacristy of San Lorenzo, and laid it wrapped in carpets on the sarcophagus beneath Buonarroti's awful figures—like a bleeding sacrifice on the altar of the indignant genius of his country. The helmed darkness of *Il Pensiero* had then, indeed, an object worthy of his mysterious and shadowy contemplations. Meanwhile Michael Angelo, virtually an exile, lonely, hitherto, except here, thwarted in all his greatest designs, slandered as dishonest, because no longer able, with the interest his genius demanded, to turn to the fulfilment of engagements whose great designs had been broken up, and marred by others years and years ago—it is not strange if gloom and heaviness hung close about his conceptions. Nevertheless, a touching picture remains of the artist's mind, which, under much that roughly repelled, veiled inner tenderness and humanity; to the great, impatient and uncompromising; to a sick servant, entire self-dedication, a humble pattern. In his 'Last Judgment' are obscured spiritual graces which our own Flaxman alone approaches.

At the *table d'hôte* my interest in these shadows of an obsolete Art became a standing joke amongst our English tourists, whose ideal marked our popular progress from the Homeric to the Trollopian, from Flaxman to Frith, and 'The Light of the World'; and I was good-humouredly dubbed Daniel, because I once, even in the middle of the soup, parried an attack by a brave, high sounding rhapsody in admiration of the surprised awe with which Michael Angelo's version of that prophet seems to regard his own inditings. Pleasant banter! Sociable, good-natured people!

W. P. BAYLEY.

* Wilkie was struck with admiration by the chiar-oscuro. Correggio's is, of course, more wonderful; and Titian's colouring in itself finer; but here, where all qualities should be subordinated to grand and solemn design, these would have been obtrusive, and tasteless. In every respect these works seem consummate, in judgment as in power.

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

If we may refer to a section casual and supplementary—the votes passed on certain occasions long past for the decorations of the Houses of Parliament—the last session is more remarkable for the importance and variety of its Art-questions than any that has preceded it. It is not very surprising that such subjects should fall flat after entertainment in Parliament, since in their intrinsic merits, and beyond a mere economic consideration, they are difficult to get up, and they do not speak to any recognised circle of constituency. It has been generally late in each session before matters of this kind have come under notice, but this year, as early as the 13th of February, Lord R. Montague gave notice that he should move for a Committee to inquire into the operation of the laws of Art-Unions. The Report of the Committee has already been referred to in our columns. On the same day a question was asked relative to the preservation of the commons round London; and we cannot separate this from those subjects which affect Art very nearly, as we have shown more than once how much almost all our best landscape painters have been indebted to these open-air studios for many of the best qualities which distinguish them. These were followed by questions or argument on the appointment of a new director of the National Gallery, the introduction of a bill to empower trustees to lend for exhibition valuable works of Art, the removal of the prints and drawings in the British Museum to the National Gallery, the lions for the Nelson column, the monuments in St. Paul's, the enlargement of the National Gallery, the future sites of the National Gallery and the Royal Academy, the memorial of the late Prince Consort, and others less immediately relative to Art.

Many matters in this department come before the House as questions of finance, while others force themselves on the attention from the valuable property to which they refer, and the considerations of public convenience which they involve. Much of the public money that has been expended in the so-called promotion of Art has been, as to expected results, thrown away; yet the contracts have not been uniformly unfortunate. We have been enabled to arrive at the real costs by doubling the sums agreed for. If we have often failed in the imposing in design and the ornamental in detail, there is yet much which may yet be safely done for the public convenience. When the vote of £77,844 for the British Museum was moved for by Mr. Lowe, the discussion turned of course on the want of necessary space, and the battle of permanence or dispersion was fought over again. Our collections of drawings and engravings are scarcely available to those to whom they would be the most useful, from the absence of facilities to study their contents. The complaint that beautiful engravings contained in the Museum cannot be seen is perfectly just. They are exhibited in the library of George III., and are changed from time to time. There should be a room especially set apart for the exhibition of these prints, but there is no space for such an arrangement, save by the appropriation of some of the apartments occupied by persons holding appointments in the Museum; and this would not be a wise measure, as we believe that upon the premises there are not more persons resident than are consistent with the safe custody of the different collections committed to their charge. According to the present arrangement, none of the sections are adequately shown; an effective display of the riches of the Museum would require a space very far beyond that now available; but nothing is done; the House of Commons looks to the trustees, and the latter profess that they will bow to any resolution of the former.

On the 23rd of July, the question of the site of the National Gallery was re-opened by an amendment proposed by Mr. Beresford-Hope, to the effect that the new gallery should occupy the site of Burlington House. As there is nothing new to be said on the subject, it is enough to state that the amendment was lost, as on a division of the House the numbers were, for the

original resolution, 94, for the amendment, 17. It may be useful, as a refresher, to recapitulate a few of the principal facts in connection with this question. The quantity of land purchased was an acre and a half; the present building stood upon an acre, and that to be acquired by the removal of the barracks and the acquisition of the barrack-yard, would give a total of five acres. The cost of the land purchased was £128,000, and that occupied by the National Gallery may be valued at £100,000. The Burlington House site was worth £200,000. Early in the session the attention of the House was called to the space in New Palace Yard, when it was stated by Mr. Cowper that instead of continuing the buildings from the Clock Tower it was determined to leave the spot open. An ornamental railing would fence in the Palace Yard, but so light as not to interfere with the view; and near this fence niches would be provided for the statues of eminent statesmen. In committee of supply the House voted for bronze for the memorial of the late Prince Consort £4,970; for the Science and Art Department at South Kensington £173,928; to complete the grant of £2,000 for the National Gallery of Ireland £1,001; to complete the grant of £15,892 for the National Gallery £11,892; for the British Historical Portrait Gallery £560; for the monument of Lord Palmerston £2,000; and for the Royal Irish Academy £700.

Our readers are aware that these matters have already been discussed in our pages as they occurred, but a short *résumé* of the whole seems desirable.

ENGRAVINGS v. PHOTOGRAPHS.

EVERY now and then the records of our law-courts bring to light facts which show that the interests, real or assumed, of the print-publisher and the photographer, or the dealer in photographs, are in direct antagonism. The acts concerning copyright in works of Art give to the publisher of an engraving—to produce which he has probably paid large sums both to the painter of the original picture and to the engraver, a right to forbid its re-production in any form; but a photographer, whose ideas of *meum* and *tuum* are not according to vested rights, as the law holds, procures one of these prints, copies it on a large or small scale as he thinks best, by means of his camera, and enters the field of commerce, sometimes stealthily, sometimes openly, against the original producer.* Such cases we have reported and commented upon once and again; but another, which was heard somewhat recently at the police-court, Bow Street, demands notice.

Messrs. H. Graves and Co., the print-publishers in Pall Mall, summoned a dealer in photographs residing in Endell Street, and a photographer in Holborn, for infringing their copyright in two engravings, one of Sir E. Landseer's 'Piper and Pair of Nutcrackers,' the other of R. Colclinson's 'Ordered on Foreign Service.' In both cases convictions followed, and the defendants were mulcted in heavy penalties, in addition to costs. As against the first of the delinquents payment was not exacted, at the request of the prosecutor, because he had not previously offended; but the presiding magistrate condemned the second, whose guilt seemed to admit of no palliation, to disburse the full amount of the penalties incurred.†

Looking at these, and other similar cases which have come before us, from a legal point, the defendants clearly committed a wrong, and were justly punished for it. But in the interests of Art, and more especially of that portion of the Art-loving public who cannot afford to pay large sums for works they desire to possess, there is something to be said on the other side of the question. A large and well-executed photograph of a picture—and we have seen

many, surreptitiously obtained—to engrave which some print-publisher has paid heavily, is unquestionably a powerful opponent of the engraving, and, if sold in any numbers, must inevitably expose the proprietor of the latter to a severe loss. But it is absurd to argue, as some do, that such a result follows the sale of a shilling photograph of a print for which two or three guineas must be paid. The purchaser of the latter is generally a man who can afford to pay more or less expensively for the indulgence of his taste, and, in all probability, requires the print to ornament his home. The buyer of the former purchases because the photograph pleases him simply on account of the subject, and its price suits his purse. In neither case is it likely that the thing bought would be reversed: the rich man is indifferent to the photograph, for he is in possession, or can possess himself if he so pleases, of the more costly and covetable work, which the poorer man cannot do even were he disposed: he must and would remain without any unless he can buy cheaply; and his investment of one or two shillings in a "miniature edition" of a fine print, is clearly no detriment to the producer of the latter. Not one in a hundred purchasers of a shilling photograph would ever enter the shop of Messrs. Graves, or that of any other eminent publishing firm, to buy their high-priced engravings, many of which, however, come into the market at a very reduced scale of cost at no great interval of time from their first publication, and to the extreme annoyance of those who then paid no inconsiderable sums for them.* So far, therefore, as the interest of the print-publisher is concerned, it is affected almost exclusively by the size of the pirated copy; and on behalf of those who cannot afford to "pay dearly for their whistle," we would ask if some plan could not be devised which might meet the exigencies of all parties. Suppose, for instance, that simultaneously with, or soon after, the issue of a high class and expensive engraving, the publisher of it has ready for circulation small photographic copies for sale at a cheap rate;—these, if the subject be a popular one, would undoubtedly be disposed of in large numbers to the great advantage of the holder of the copyright, that is, the printseller; while the fact of such photographs being in existence and easily attainable, would prevent any photographer from re-producing the work; it would not answer his purpose to attempt it. So long as large engravings of a popular character can only be issued at a price which the wealthy alone can pay—a price largely increased by the demands made for copyright, or permission to engrave, on the part of the painter of the picture, who, perhaps, has already sold it for what he considers its value—so long must the publisher expect to hear of its multiplication by some unscrupulous owner of a photographic apparatus. But the former has a remedy in his hands, as we have pointed out; and one, we should think, far more agreeable than putting in an appearance in a police-court as a prosecutor; one, also, which would benefit the public while enriching himself.

There is another aspect of the question as between the print-publisher and the photographer, which should not be overlooked. Photography has of late made such rapid strides, and sun-pictures may now be produced on so large a scale, that it is not unreasonable to infer that the camera may, ere long, be found superseding to a great extent the *burin* of the engraver. It may answer the purpose of some skilful and enterprising photographer to arrange with Sir Edwin Landseer, or any other eminent artist, for the reproduction on an adequate scale of their works; and under such a state of things the seller of engravings will find his occupation gone. We do not say this contingency will arise, but there is nothing to prevent it, and the possibility must not be disregarded by all who are interested in the matter, whether as sellers or buyers.

* It is but justice to the professors of photography generally, to state that the persons who break the eighth commandment are but few. The photographers are, for the most part, gentlemen of undoubted integrity, as incapable of wrong doing as any other class of the community.

† Since this was written we find that other "dealers" have been summoned, and dealt with "according to law."

* Advertisements may be read, daily, informing the public that engravings, originally published for guineas, may be obtained for shillings. This evil thus arises: a plate is sold to an inferior dealer in prints, who either takes impressions from it as he finds it, or gets it touched up, and circulates impressions cheap; so cheap, indeed, as to be had for almost nothing, even when sold in a frame.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE:

A SERIES OF WRITTEN PORTRAITS (FROM PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE) OF GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EPOCH.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

"History may be formed from permanent monuments and records, but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less and less, and in a short time is lost for ever."—DR. JOHNSON.

"We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on Great Men, their manner of appearance in our World's business, how they have shaped themselves in the World's history, what ideas men formed of them, what Work they did."—CARLYLE: HERO WORSHIP.

JAMES HOGG.



WHEN James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, visited London, in January, 1832, he produced in "literary circles" a sensation almost as great as might have been created by the removal of Ben Nevis to Blackheath. The world of London was idle then, and the incident became an event.

It was a rare and curious sight to see the Shepherd fêted in aristocratic salons; mingling among the learned and polite of all grades—clumsily, but not rudely; he was rustic, without being coarse; not attempting to ape the refinement to which he was unused; but seeming perfectly aware that all eyes were upon him, and accepting admiration as a right.*

He was my guest several times during that period of unnatural excitement which there can be no question shortened his life; and at my house he met many of his literary contemporaries, whom he might not otherwise have known.

In society, where, as I have intimated, he was easy and self-possessed, because natural, his glowing and kindly countenance, his rousing and hearty laugh, the quaintness of his remarks, his gentle or biting satire, the continual flow of homely wit, the rough, but perfectly becoming manner in which he sung his own Jacobite songs, all gained for him, personally, the golden opinions previously accorded to his writings; and the visit of James Hogg to the Metropolis was not a failure, but a success.

On the 25th January, 1832, a public

*I'll not tell you how much I
think of you for I am very sorry
with you
Yours most affectionately
James Hogg*

dinner was given to him in the great hall of the Freemasons' Tavern; nominally it was to commemorate the birthday of

Robert Burns, but really to receive the Shepherd. There were many men of note present; among others, two of the sons of Burns, Lockhart, Basil Hall, Allan Cunningham, and others of equal or lesser note; the most conspicuous of the guests being Mr. Aiken, then consul at Archangel,

to whom Burns had, half a century before, addressed his famous lines—"Epistle to a young Friend."

The dinner had been ordered for two hundred; but long before it appeared on the table, four hundred persons had assembled to partake of it; it will be easy to conceive the terrible confusion that ensued, as steward after steward rushed about the room, seizing food wherever he could find it, and bearing it off in triumph to the empty dishes laid before his friends, over which it became necessary for him to stand guard, while the wrathful clamour of those who had nothing was effectually drowned by the bagpipes—two pipers pacing leisurely round the hall; it was no wonder, therefore, if the guests were indignant, for each had paid twenty-five shillings for his ticket of admission, and certainly many were sent hungry away.

Sir John Malcolm, a gallant Scottish soldier who had gained "the bubble reputation" in the east, and who, as an author, added bays to his laurels, was in the chair.

When the usual toasts had been given, THE toast of the evening was announced; but the toast-master had no idea that a guest thus honoured, was nothing more than a simple shepherd, and consequently conceived he was doing his duty best, when to the assembled crowd he announced "a bumper toast to the health of *Mister Shepherd*;" there was a roar throughout the building, and the hero of the day joined in the laugh as heartily as the guests.

Up rose a man, hale and hearty as a mountain breeze, fresh as a branch of hill-side heather, with a visage unequivocally Scotch, high cheek bones, a sharp and clear grey eye, an expansive forehead, sandy hair, and with ruddy cheeks, which the late nights and late mornings of a month in London had not yet sallowed. His form was manly and muscular, and his voice strong and gladsome, with a rich Scottish accent, which he, probably, on that occasion, rather heightened than depressed. His appearance that evening may be described by one word—and that word purely English. It was HEARTY!

He expressed his "great satisfaction at meeting so numerous and respectable an assembly—met in so magnificent an edifice for such an object." He was proud that he had been born a poet, proud that his humble name should have been associated with that of his mighty predecessor Burns. That indeed was fame, and nobody, henceforward, would venture to insinuate that he had not acquired some share of true greatness after the honour which had been conferred upon him by the literary public of such a metropolis. He loved literature for its own sake, and he gloried in his connection with his country. The muse, it was true, had found him a poor shepherd, and a poor shepherd he still remained after all, but in his cultivation of poetry, he was influenced by far prouder motives, and more elevated considerations, and he was not without his reward. After expatiating on his literary labours, the shepherd concluded by repeating his thanks for the favours he had experienced, and hoped that the overflows of a grateful heart would not be the less acceptable because they might be conveyed in "an uncouth idiom, and barbarous phraseology."

The applause that followed his "racy" remarks—a brief history of his life—and his expressions of wonder at finding himself

* Hogg, in one of his Lay Sermons, says, "For upwards of twenty years I have mixed with all classes of society, and as I never knew to which I belonged, I have been perfectly free and at my ease with them all."

* I copy this passage from the *Times*, of January 26, 1833.

where he was, and how he was, might have turned a stronger brain than that of James Hogg.*

I have always understood that this was his first and only visit to London, and so I believe it is described by all his biographers. But in his autobiography he states—"I went to England during the summer,"—the date is not given; it seems to have been in the year 1801, and he does not intimate that he went so far as London. Yet in Lucy Aiken's "Memoirs and Remains," I find this story told by her in a letter to Mr. E. Aiken. It is dated 1817.

"Mrs. Opie, who is still in London, was holding one of her usual Sunday morning levees, when up comes the footman, much ruffled, to tell her that a man in a smock frock was below—who wanted to speak to her—would take no denial—could not be got away. Down she goes to investigate the matter. The rustic advances—nothing abashed. 'I am James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.' The poet is had up to the drawing room, smock frock and all, and introduced to everybody. Presently he pulls out a paper—some verses which he had written that morning, and would read, if agreeable. With a horrid Scotch accent and charity boy twang, he got through some staves, nobody understanding a line. 'Mr. Hogg,' says Mrs. Opie, 'I think if you will excuse me, I could do more justice to your verses than yourself;' so takes them from him, and with her charming delivery, causes them to be voted very pretty. On inquiry it is found that the shepherd is on a visit to Lady Cork, the great patroness of lions."

For this very circumstantial statement, I believe there is no foundation whatever; certainly in that year, 1817, Hogg was not in London, and one is at a loss to comprehend whether some pretender imposed on good Mrs. Opie and her friends, or whether the story is pure invention.

Hogg has given us an autobiography, from his birth up to a late—but not a very late—period of his life. His vanity was so inartificial as to be absolutely amusing; he avowed and seemed proud of it, as one of his natural rights. "I like to write about myself"—that sentence begins his autobiography; and the sensation is kept up to the end. Accordingly, he speaks, "fearlessly and unreservedly out;" but bating his belief that he beat Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth, on their own ground, and that he originated *Blackwood's Magazine*—enough remains to exhibit a man of great natural powers, who merits the high place he obtained in the literary history of his age and country. It is, indeed, a record of wonderful triumphs over difficulties almost without parallel.

He stated himself to have been born on the 25th January, 1772: but the parish register gives the date of his birth—9th December, 1770. There is, consequently, a confusion as to the actual time,† as there is about the actual place, some according to the honour to "Ettrick Hall," others to

* He does not appear to have written much in reference to his stay in London. A passage on the subject, however, occurs in one of his Lay Sermons (to which I shall refer presently) that may be worth quoting. "I must always regard the society of London as the pink of what I have seen in the world. I met most of the literary ladies, and confess that I liked them better than the blue stockings of Edinburgh. Their general information is not superior to that of their northern sisters; perhaps it may be said that it is less determined; but then they never assume so much at home, and most at my ease. There was no straining for superiority there. . . . The impression left on my mind by mingling with the first society of London, is that of perfection, and what I would just wish society to be."—*Lay Sermon on Good Breeding.*

† The birthday of Robert Burns was the 25th January. Hogg dearly loved to be likened to his great countryman, and it is believed in this case, "the wish was father to the thought;" that he post-dated his birth. The point, however, is by no means settled, and we have a right to give James the benefit of the doubt.

"Ettrick House," each of which, notwithstanding its high-sounding title, was a humble cottage not far removed from a hut. The unpoetic name, Hogg, which he was always better pleased to exchange for that of the "Ettrick Shepherd," is said to have been derived from a far away ancestor—a pirate, or a sea king, one Haug of Norway. He was born a shepherd, of a race of shepherds, the youngest of four sons. His father was in no way remarkable,* but, as with all men of intellectual power, he inherited mental strength from his mother, Margaret Laidlaw, "a pious, though uneducated woman, who loved her husband, her children, and her Bible; her memory was stored with border-ballads; she was a firm believer in kelpies, brownies, and others of the good people," stories concerning which from his earliest infancy she poured into the greedy ears of her son. They were the seed that bore the fruit.

He had a few months' schooling—the school-house being close to his cottage door. At seven years old, however, it was needful that he should do work; and he

was hired by a neighbouring farmer, his half year's wage being "one ewe lamb, and a pair of shoes."

From his childhood he had a perpetual struggle with untoward fate; "chill penury repressed his noble rage;" from his birth almost to his death, as his biographer writes, "he was always in deep waters, where nothing was above the surface but the head;" yet the historian of his singular and wayward life has little to say to his discredit, and nothing to his dishonour. He has to record more of temptations resisted than of culpabilities encouraged; and although by no means a man of regular habits, Hogg never so far yielded to dissipation as to be ignored even by the very scrupulous among his countrymen. Wayward indeed he was; he quarrelled with his true friend, Scott, but the magnanimous man sought reconciliation with his irritable brother. To Wilson, another true friend, he wrote a letter which, according to his own admission, was "full of abusive epithets;" with all the publishers he was perpetually at war.

In judging a character, regard must be



THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES HOGG.

had to the circumstances under which it is formed; and Hogg might have been pardoned by posterity if he had fallen far more short than he did of the high standard which it is perhaps necessary for our teachers to set up; while it is certain that his voluminous and varied writings were designed and are calculated to uphold the Cause of Righteousness and Virtue.

He was employed, almost from infancy, in tending sheep, herding cows—doing anything that a very child could do—and ran about, ill-clad, bare-footed, learning from Nature, and Nature only, eating scanty meals by wayside brooks, and drinking from some crystal stream near at hand; serving twelve masters before he had reached his fifteenth year, enduring hunger often, suffering much from over-toil, sleeping in stables and cow-houses, associating only with four-footed beasts over which he kept watch and ward, picking up, how and when he could, a little learning, hearing from many—from his mother especially—the old ballad-songs of Scot-

land, and acquiring in early youth, the cognomen of "Jamie the Poeter," writing poems as he tended his unruly flock; and at length rising out of the mire in which circumstances seemed to have plunged him to become notorious—nay, famous—as one of the men of whom Scotland, so fertile of great and glorious women and men, is rightly and justly proud.

These are the eloquent words of his eloquent countryman, Professor Wilson, in reference to the earlier career of Hogg:—

"He passed a youth of poverty and hardship—but it was the youth of a lonely shepherd among the most beautiful pastoral valleys in the world; and in that solitary life in which seasons of spirit-stirring activity are followed by seasons of contemplative repose, how many years passed over him rich in impressions of sense and in dreams of fancy. His haunts were among scenes

"The most remote and inaccessible
By shepherds trode."

* Scott, writing to Byron, says of Hogg, "Hogg could literally neither read nor write till a very late period of his life, and when he first distinguished himself by his poetical talent, could neither spell nor write grammar;" and Lockhart states that he had "taught himself to write by copying the letters of a printed book, as he lay watching his flock by the hill-side."

* In 1814, Wordsworth, during his visit to Scotland, had "refreshment" at the cottage of Hogg's father, "a shepherd, a fine old man, more than eighty years of age."

And living for years in solitude, he unconsciously formed friendships with the springs, the brooks, the caves, the hills, and with all the more fleeting and faithless pageantry of the sky, that to him came in the place of those human affections from whose indulgence he was debarred by the necessities that kept him aloof from the cottage fire, and up among the mists on the mountain-top. . . . To feel the full power of his genius, we must go with him

‘Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,’

and walk through the shadowy world of the imagination. . . . The still green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales where he passed his youth inspired him with ever-brooding visions of fairy-land—till, as he lay musing in his lonely shieling, the world of fantasy seemed, in the clear depths of his imagination, a lovelier reflection of that of nature, like the hills and heavens more softly shining in the waters of his native lake.”

In 1801, a chance visit to Edinburgh, in charge of a flock of sheep for sale, led to his “engaging” a printer to print sundry of his poems. They did not find, nor were they entitled to find, fame; and he con-

tinued a shepherd until another and a happier “chance” came in his way.

When Scott was seeking materials for his “Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,” he made the acquaintance of William Laidlaw, a peasant with whom he contracted an enduring friendship. Hogg had been his father’s servant, and as Laidlaw knew his enthusiasm concerning the subject of Scott’s search, he brought them together, being especially anxious to do so because “Jamie’s mother” had “by heart” many old Scottish ballads. Scott found a brother poet, a true son of Nature and Genius, and continued to befriend him to the close of his life.

Soon after “auspicious fate” thus brought him into connection with Walter Scott, he was cheered and invigorated, for awhile, by the sun of prosperity. Subscribers to his “Mountain Bard,” and a sum paid to him for what he calls “that celebrated work, Hogg on Sheep,” made him so suddenly rich (for he was master and owner of £300) that he “went per-

conferring the powers of immortal song, was inherent in my soul. Indeed, so uniformly smooth and happy has my married life been, that, on a retrospect, I cannot distinguish one part from another, save by some remarkably good days of fishing, shooting, and curling on the ice.”

I have great pleasure in again transcribing a few passages from one of his Lay Sermons:—

“I am an old man, and of course, my sentiments are those of an old man; but I am not like one of those crabbed philosophers who rail at the state which they cannot reach, for, in sincerity of heart, I believe that hitherto no man has enjoyed a greater share of felicity than I have. It is well known in what a labyrinth of poverty and toil my life has been spent, but I never repined, for when subjected to the greatest and most humiliating disdain and reproaches, I always rejoiced in the consciousness that I did not deserve them. I have rejoiced in the prosperity of my friends, and have never envied any man’s happiness. I have never intentionally done evil to any living soul; and knowing how little power I had to do good to others, I never missed an opportunity that came within the reach of my capacity to do it. I have not only been satisfied, but most thankful to the Giver of all good, for my sublunary blessings, the highest of all for a grateful heart that enjoys them; and I have always accustomed myself to think more on what I have than on what I want. I have seen but little of life, but I have looked minutely into that little, and I assure you, on the faith of a poet and a philosopher, that I have been able to trace the miseries and misfortunes of many of my friends solely to the situation in which they were placed, and which other men envied; and I never knew a man happy with a great fortune, who would not have been much happier without it. Nor did I ever know a vicious person, or one who scoffed at religion, happy.”

We have other testimony beside his own that the goodness of his nature made the happiness of his life.

The Rev. James Russell of Yarrow, at a festival in honour of the poet, when the statue was inaugurated, thus touchingly referred to the social and domestic habits and feelings of the poet he had long known and loved:—

“Much it testified for his home affections that, while spending a season in London, where he was feted and flattered by all parties, he sent down ‘A New Year’s Gift for his children,’ in the form of a few simple prayers and hymns, written expressly for their use. I cannot forget him as the kind master of a household, indulgent perhaps to a fault, and how he was wont, as the Sabbath evening came round, to take down ‘the big ha’ Bible, once his father’s pride,’ for the worship of God, and to exercise his domestics in the Shorter Catechism. I cannot forget the attractions of his social companionship, his lively fancy, or his flashes of merriment that set the table in a roar. I cannot forget his intense sympathy with the joys and sorrows of cottage-life, nor his generous aid in bringing the means of education (all the more valued from his own early disadvantages) within the reach of the shepherds and peasantry around him.”

Perhaps the name of the Ettrick Shepherd was made more famous in England by the lavish and sometimes inconsiderate use of it in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, than by all his many poems and tales in prose and verse. Few read now-a-days, his “Mountain Bard,” or his “Queen’s Wake,” and “Bonny Kilmeny” is known chiefly by its pleasant sound, while the “Brownie of Bodsbeck” and his “Tales of the Covenanters” were long ago laid on the shelf.* The shepherd



THE MONUMENT AT ST. MARY'S LOCH.

fectly mad,” took a large pasture farm, lost all his money, and was again as poor as ever; until, in 1810, he wrapt his plaid about his shoulders and marched to Edinburgh to become a man of letters “by profession.” The wayward, vain, and erratic man of genius encountered more than the usual impediments. At that period, he wrote of himself that he was “a common shepherd, who never was at school, who went to service at seven years old, and could neither read nor write with any degree of accuracy when thirty;” yet who had “set up for a connoisseur in manners, taste, and genius.” Thus he alludes to a periodical work, “The Spy,” of which he was for a time the editor.

He became, therefore, “by profession a man of letters.” Afterwards, he pursued that “profession” through many varied paths—writing plays, poems, and prose, getting money now and then, by fits and starts, but on the whole, “doing badly,” and obtaining a large amount of popularity with an infinitesimal portion of actual gain.

In 1814, he was presented with the small farm of “Altrive Lake, in the wilds of Yarrow,” by the Duke of Buccleuch: no doubt the suggestion came from Walter Scott; it was a great boon to Hogg, for “it gave him a habitation among his native woods and streams.” Here he built a cottage, married, took a large farm, Mount Bengier; found he had not half enough money to stock it, and gradually drooped down, until at the age of sixty, he had “not a sixpence in the world.”

Yet, on the whole, he led a happy life—“Some may think,” he writes, “that I must have worn out a life of misery and wretchedness; but the case has been quite the reverse. I never knew either man or woman who has been so uniformly happy as I have been; which has been partly owing to a good constitution, and partly to the conviction that a heavenly gift,

* “A pardonable vanity,” writes Lockhart, “made him convert his cottage into an unpaid hostelry for the reception of endless troops of thoughtless admirers:” the natural consequence was a mesh of pecuniary difficulties from which he was never disentangled.

* A very beautiful edition of Hogg’s works, poetry and prose, was published in 1865, in two large volumes, by Messrs. Blackie of Glasgow. It is a worthy monument to his memory; far more enduring than the statue that stands

is, however, immortalised in the "Noctes." It is understood that Hogg protested against the "too much familiarity that breeds contempt," and it is certain that he was often "shown up" in a way that could not have been agreeable; but of a surety, it gave him notoriety, if it did not bring him fame; and it is not improbable that he preferred thus to be talked about to the not being talked about at all. That his friend Wilson meant him no serious wrong is certain, for Wilson was of those who most esteemed and regarded him. In one of his letters to Hogg, Wilson promises to abstain from introducing him into the "Noctes;" "if, indeed, that be disagreeable to you." "But," he adds, "all the idiots in existence shall never persuade me that in those dialogues you are not respected and honoured, and that they have not spread the fame of your genius and your virtues all over Europe, America, Asia, and Africa."

Like Wordsworth's Pedlar, he was

"a man
Whom no one could have passed without remark;
Active and nervous in his gait; his limbs
And his whole figure breathe intelligence."

Thus he is described by one who loved him much, and whose name might have been associated with the foremost worthies of his country, had not an "evil destiny" placed him, while yet young, in a position of independence—to whom "letters" have, therefore, ever since been a relaxation and not a pursuit; but who, sometimes, supplies proof that Scotland in obtaining a valuable sheriff lost a rare poet. I refer to Henry Glasford Bell, who, on the occasion of inaugurating the statue of Hogg, thus pictured his friend:—"We remember his sturdy form, and shrewd, familiar face; his kindly greetings, and his social cheer, his summer angling, and his winter curling, his welcome presence at kirk and market, and border game; and, above all, how his grey eye sparkled as he sang, in his own simple and unadorned fashion, those rustic ditties in which a manly vigour of sentiment was combined with unexpected grace, sweetness, and tenderness."

This is Lockhart's portrait ("Peter's Letters"):"His hair is of the true Sicanbrian yellow; his eyes are of the lightest, and at the same time of the clearest, blue; his forehead is finely, but strangely, shaped, the regions of pure fancy and of pure wit being largely developed; his countenance is eloquent, both in its gravity and levity," and he adds, "he could have undergone very little change since he was a herd on Yarrow."

The Rev. Mr. Thomson, his biographer, thus pictures him. "In height he was five feet, ten inches and a half; his broad chest and square shoulders indicated health and strength, while a well-rounded leg, and small ankle and foot, showed the active shepherd who could outstrip the runaway sheep." His hair in his younger days was auburn, slightly inclining to yellow, which afterwards became dark brown mixed with grey; his eyes, which were dark blue, were bright and intelligent. His features were irregular, while his eye and ample forehead redeemed the countenance from every charge of commonplace homeliness. And Lockhart thus, with unusual generosity,

by St. Mary's Loch. The illustrations, of which there are many, are from the admirable pencil of D. O. Hill; the landscapes, that is to say: for there are several capital figure-prints by an artist of rare merit with whom we are too little acquainted, K. Halswelle. The biography is by the Rev. Thomas Thomson; it is charmingly written, with a genuine love of the subject, a thorough appreciation of the man, and an earnest desire to do him justice. Altogether, no writer of our time has been more satisfactorily dealt with, as regards editor, artists, and publisher.

gives an insight into his character:—"The great beauty of this man's deportment, to my mind, lies in the unaffected simplicity with which he retains, in many respects, the external manners and appearance of his original station, blending all, however, with a softness and manly courtesy, derived, perhaps, in the main, rather from the natural delicacy of his mind and temperament, than from the influence of anything he has learned by mixing more largely in the world."

The following tribute to the memory of Hogg, I take from the speech of Professor Aytoun, delivered at the Burns Festival in 1844: a scene I have described in my Memory of Professor Wilson:—

"Who is there that has not heard of the Ettrick Shepherd—of him whose inspiration descended as lightly as the breeze that blows along the mountain sides—who saw, amongst the lonely and sequestered glens of the south, from eyelids touched with fairy ointment, such

visions as are vouchsafed to the minstrel alone—the dream of sweet Kilmeny, too spiritual for the taint of earth? I shall not attempt any comparison—for I am not here to criticise—between his genius and that of other men, on whom God, in His bounty, has bestowed the great and the marvellous gift. The songs and the poetry of the Shepherd are now the nation's own, as indeed they long have been, and amidst the minstrelsy of the choir who have made the name of Scotland and her peasantry familiar throughout the wide reach of the habitable world, the clear, wild notes of the forest will for ever be heard to ring. I have seen him many times by the banks of his own romantic Yarrow; I have sat with him in the calm and sunny weather by the margin of Saint Mary's Lake; I have seen his eyes sparkle and his cheek flush as he spoke out some old heroic ballad of the days of the Douglas and the Graeme; and I have felt as I listened to the accents of his manly voice, that whilst Scotland could produce amongst her children such men as him beside me, her ancient spirit had not departed from her, nor the star of her glory



THE GRAVE OF JAMES HOGG.

grown pale. For he was a man, indeed, cast in nature's happiest mould. True-hearted, and brave, and generous, and sincere; alive to every kindly impulse, and fresh at the core to the last, he lived among his native hills the blameless life of the shepherd and the poet; and on the day when he was laid beneath the sod in the lonely kirkyard of Ettrick, there was not one dry eye amongst the hundreds that lingered round his grave."

I quote the testimony of Professor Wilson, in respect to the peculiar character of his poetic power:—

"Whenever he treats of fairy-land, his language insensibly becomes, as it were, soft, mild, and aerial—we could almost think that we heard the voice of one of the fairy folk—still and serene images seem to rise up with the wild music of the inspiration, and the poet deludes us for the time into an unquestioning and satisfied belief in the existence of those 'green realms of bliss,' of which he himself seems to be a native minstrel. In this department of pure poetry, the Ettrick Shepherd has, among his

own countrymen at least, no competitor. He is the poet-laureate of the Court of Faery. The pastoral valleys of the south of Scotland look to him as their best-beloved poet—all their wild and gentle superstitions have blended with his being."

Of all his many original, and some of his very beautiful compositions, there are not a few that take their place among the more perfect poems of the age. That from which I quote this verse is surely of them:—

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumbersome,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Bliss is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the lowly cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth!"

Southey—ever a safe guide—writes of James Hogg as "a worthy fellow, and a man of very extraordinary powers;" and

Wordsworth pays a graceful and grateful compliment to one who was his "guide" when first he saw "the stream of Yarrow."

The poet also wrote some memorable lines when he learned the death of one he esteemed and valued—when "Ettrick mourned her Shepherd dead."

Mrs. Hall, in one of her Recollections, describes an evening-party at her house, in which, among the guests, were James Hogg, Maria Edgeworth, Allan Cunningham, Colonel James Glencairn Burns, Laetitia Landon, Procter, Miss M. J. Jewsbury, Emma Roberts, William Jerdan, Mrs. Holland, Laman Blanchard, Richard Lalor Shiel, and Sir David Wilkie. Others, no doubt, might be called to mind who there met on that evening. They have all (excepting Procter and Jerdan) passed from earth. This is the portrait she then drew of Hogg:—"I can recall James Hogg sitting on the sofa—his countenance flushed with the excitement and the 'toddy'—(he had come to us from a dinner with Sir George Warrender, whom some wag spoke of as Sir George Provender)—expressing wild earnestness, not, I thought, unmixed with irascibility. He was then, certainly, more like a buoyant Irishman than a steady son of the soil of the thistle, as he shouted forth, in an untuneable voice, songs that were his own especial favourites; giving us some account of the origin of each at its conclusion. One I particularly remember—'The Woman Folk.' 'Ha, Ha!' he exclaimed, echoing our applause with his own broad hands,—'that song, which I am often forced to sing to the laddies, sometimes against my will, that song will never be sung so well again by any one after I be done wi' it.' I remember Cunningham's comment, 'That's because you have the nature in you!'"

Hogg's birth-place and his grave are but a few hundred yards asunder. Ettrick kirk is modern; but the kirkyard is so old that the rude forefathers of Ettrick have been laid there for many centuries. A plain headstone marks the poet's grave, it contains this inscription:—

"James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who was born at Ettrick Hall in 1770, and died at Altrive Lake the 21st day of November, 1835."

The place of his death was some miles distant from that of his birth and burial; but there his people lay; there he desired to lie, and to that kirk-yard his widow rightly conveyed him; his widow—for in 1820, he married Miss Margaret Phillips, a young lady of respectable family; "and," writes his generous biographer, "no choice he ever made was so wise, and at the same time, so fortunate." She survived him, and so did one son and three daughters.

When he was interred in Ettrick kirk-yard, a thoughtful and loving friend, a peasant, as he himself had been, brought some clumps of daisies from one of the far off nooks he loved, to plant upon his grave; and by its side stood Professor Wilson; as one of Hogg's friends writes, "It was a sight to see that grand old man, head uncovered, his long hair waving in the wind; the tears streaming down his cheeks."

Thus, the shepherd sleeps among his kindred, his friends, his companions—associates from youth to age—in the bosom of Ettrick Dale, so often the subject of his fervid song. The debt he asked for has been paid; the green turf of his native

valley covers the clay that enclosed the lofty, genial, and generous spirit of a truly great man:—

"There I'll sing, and when I do,
Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me,
Pausing swains will say, and weep,
'Here our Shepherd lies asleep.'"

But the grave-stone at Ettrick is not the only monument to James Hogg. "Auld Scotland," after pausing, perhaps, too long, made a move; and a statue of the Ettrick Shepherd was erected in Ettrick Dale.

That monument is the work of Mr. Andrew Currie, R.S.A., and was erected in 1860, by subscription, mainly owing to the efforts of the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D. The Bard of Ettrick is seated on "an oak-root—an appropriate relic of the Forest." The poet's well-knit muscular form is partly enveloped in his plaid, which crosses one shoulder, and falls gracefully upon his finely-moulded limbs. His coat is closely buttoned; he plants his sturdy staff firmly on the ground with his right hand, and holds in his left a scroll, inscribed with the last line of the "Queen's Wake"—

"Hath taught the wandering winds to sing."

"Hector," the Poet's favourite dog, rests lovingly at his feet, with head erect, surveying the hills behind, as if conscious of his duties in tending the flocks during the poetic reverie of his master.

The panels of the pedestal contain appropriate inscriptions from "The Queen's Wake."

The statue stands on an elevation, midway between two lakes—St. Mary's Loch and the Lowes Loch. They are in the centre of a district renowned in picture and in song, rich in traditionary lore and consecrated by heroic deeds in the olden time. Legendary Yarrow pours its waters into St. Mary's Lake. It was "lone St. Mary's silent lake," that specially delighted the poet Wordsworth, visiting Yarrow; suggesting the often quoted lines:—

"The swan on still St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

It was the lake that moved the muse of Scott:—

"Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink,
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land."

The poet while he lived must have often looked from that very spot over the grand view thence obtained of fertile land and clear water; and here, no doubt, if his spirit is permitted to revisit earth, he often wanders—about the scenes he has commemorated in prose and in verse.

These are the eloquent words of Sheriff Bell, at the festival when the statue was inaugurated:—

"And now that monument is there before you, adding a new feature to this romantic land; announcing to all comers that Scotland never forgets her native poets; teaching the lowliest labourer that genius and the rewards of genius are limited to no rank or condition; upholding in its Doric and manly simplicity the dignity of humble worth; and bidding the Tweed, and the Yarrow, the Ettrick, the Teviot, and the Gala, sparkle more brightly, as they 'roll on their way;' for the Shepherd who murmured by their banks a music sweeter than their own, is to be seen once more by the side of his own Loch Mary. There let it remain in the summer winds and the winter showers, never destined to be passed carelessly by, as similar testimonials too often are in the crowded thoroughfares of cities, but gladdening the heart of many an admiring pilgrim, who will feel at this shrine that the *donum nature*, the great gift of song, can only come from on high, and who, as he wends on his way, will waken the mountain echoes with the Shepherd's glowing

strains, wedded to some grand old melody of Scotland, one of those many melodies which have given energy to the swords of her heroes, and inspiration to the lyres of her poets!"

Hogg survived but a short time his sympathising and generous friend, Sir Walter Scott. Lockhart says, "It had been better for Hogg's fame had his end been of earlier date; for he did not follow his best benefactor until he had insulted his dust." But that blot upon his memory is not justified by evidence; Lockhart's indignation was excited by Hogg's publication, "The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott," published after Scott's death. I have not seen it, and it is not reprinted in Blackie's edition of his works; but I willingly accept the statement of his biographer, that "notwithstanding the little vanity that occasionally peeps out," it is amply redeemed by "high and just appreciation of his illustrious mentor, and the affectionate enthusiasm of his details." Neither has there been a reprint of his very singular book, "Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding," published by Fraser, in 1834, a copy of which he presented to Mrs. Hall. It is full of practical wisdom, contains some striking anecdotes concerning himself and his experience, and bears the strongest and most conclusive evidence of his trust in Divine Providence and his entire faith in Christianity. I must express my regret that this most beautiful and useful volume has been overlooked by the Rev. Mr. Thomson in republishing the works of James Hogg; and I earnestly counsel Messrs. Blackie to reprint it, not only as an act of justice to the memory of the writer, but as a means of rendering incalculable service to the cause of virtue and religion.

Among the worthies of Scotland, James Hogg holds, and will ever hold, a foremost place. A country so fertile of great men and great women may be, as it is, proud of his genius. Among "uneducated poets" he stands broadly out—beyond them all; generally they were "poets," and nothing more. The prose of Hogg has many claims to merit; his tales are full of interest, and often manifest great power; and if he wrote much—far more than others of his "class"—he wrote much that was good, and nothing—at least so far as general readers know—that was bad.†

* Professor Wilson, writing as Christopher North, in 1824 ("Noctes Ambrosianae"), thus prophesied the after destiny of Hogg:—"My beloved Shepherd, some half-century hence, your effigy will be seen on some bonny green knoll in the forest, with its honest face looking across St. Mary's Loch and up towards the Grey Mare's Tail, while by moonlight all your own fairies will dance round its pedestal." † I have preserved one of his letters to Mrs. Hall; it is characteristic, and I may be justified in printing it.

"Mount Benger, May 22, 1830.

"MY DEAR MRS. HALL,

"It signifies little how much a man admires a woman when he cannot please her. I think it perhaps the most unfortunate thing that can befall him, and of all creatures ever I met with, you are the most capricious and the hardest to please. I wish I had you for a few days to wander with me through the romantic dells of Westmoreland. As this is never likely to happen, so I have no hopes of ever pleasing you. I have received both your flattering letters, and I'll not tell you how much I think of you, for I am very angry with you, and have always been since ever I saw your name first in print, to say nothing of writing, which is far worse; but if the face and form be as I have painted them mentally, and a true index to the mind, you are a jewel. It will be perhaps as good for us both that my knowledge of you be so delicious.

"I sent you a very good tale, and one of those with which I delight to harrow up the little souls of my own family. I say it is a very good tale, and exactly fit for children, and nobody else; and your letter to me occasioned me writing one of the best poems ever dropped from my pen, in ridicule of yours and the modern system of education. Give it to Mr. Hall. As I think shame to put my name to such mere commonplace things as you seem to want, I have sent you a letter from an English widow.

"Yours most affectionately,

"JAMES HOGG."

* Margaret, the widow of James Hogg, received in January, 1854, one of the crown pensions, £50 a year, "in consideration of her husband's poetical talent," and in February, 1858, an annual sum from the same source was awarded to Jessie P. Hogg, "in consideration of the literary merits of her father."

THE
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

To this collection important additions have been made since our last notice. These are a bust and portrait of Cobden—the former by Woolner; a small wax profile model, at the age of nineteen, of the Duke of Kent, the father of the Queen, by Inglehart; a portrait of Queen Elizabeth in old age; others of George II., a celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, Lord Russell, &c. The last-mentioned, which is by Riley, is really a fine head; being well drawn, and showing in colour and treatment that the painter studied Vandyck with so much profit as to evince taste and feeling superior to the affectations of Lely and Kneller. That of Queen Elizabeth is superb in the realistic detail of the dress; yet this intense manipulation makes the face look ghastly. But she insisted always on being painted without even a sufficiency of marking to round the features. She is here presented as an aged woman—perhaps not long before her death; but the painter has done his utmost to mask the ravages of time. In the youthful portraits of her, the hair is light and sandy; here it is a dark auburn, in fact a *chevelure* too evidently false. She wears a white satin dress, studded with square-set rubies, emeralds, and pearls, and richly laced with gold. On the head is a heavy gold ornament, set with rubies, emeralds, and pearls, from which falls a dark veil, by no means in harmony with the dress. The Countess of Shrewsbury, known as "Bess of Hardwicke," is a gaunt-looking woman, in a black velvet dress, and without any other ornament than a necklace of very large pearls pendent to her waist. The head-dress is similar to that which Queen Mary (Tudor) wore. This lady has left a reputation for a magnificent taste in architecture, of which the extant evidences are the princely mansions of Chatsworth, Hardwicke, Oldcotes, Bolsover, and Worksop; and to her for a time was confided the custody of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The rooms and the staircase are now filled with pictures, and recent additions are placed on the floor. It is indeed time that some more commodious abiding place be provided for these works than the dark rooms in George Street. For their fitting exhibition three times the space into which they are now crowded were not too great. The subject of removal has for some time been entertained, but the determination of their future abode waits upon the settlement of important Art questions, the solution of which is imminent. On looking round the walls there are seen likenesses of men by no means entitled to a distinguished commemoration. Still, a collection of this kind must be a mixture; and we find ourselves accordingly in its midst, not more frequently doing willing homage to its celebrities than formally saluting its notoriety; and often the bearers of questionable reputations are more charmingly set forth on canvas than others famed for the virtuous tenor of their lives.

The earliest royal portrait in the collection is that of Richard III., which has been painted by some aspirant with whom the practice of the Art seems to have been only by-play; yet it cannot be doubted that we see the man precisely as he was in life. We know as yet of nothing authentic anterior to this, but the line downwards to the present time will be completed by well-attested representations. There is as yet, however, no portrait of Henry VII., but the small painting of Henry VIII. is a gem. It is attributed to the school of Holbein, and the artist may have been a pupil of Holbein; but he has left on his work rather the impress of the school of the Van Eycks, for the work is all but equal to the exquisite Van Eyck heads in the National Gallery. Turning from this to the portraits of Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots, it is marvellous that any attempt at painting so wanting in life and substance should have sustained itself in the face of such Art as that of the schools of Van Eyck and Holbein.

BIRMINGHAM AND ITS PRODUCTS.*

SECOND only in importance in the catalogue of our national "industries" to the manufacture of textile fabrics, of which Manchester and Glasgow are the centres, are the hardware productions of every description produced in Birmingham and the towns immediately surrounding it. Sheffield has earned a good reputation for metal-works of a particular kind, but the extent and variety of the manufactures of Birmingham leave the Yorkshire artisans far in the rear, and have established the fame of the Midland Hardware District over the world. For upwards of two centuries the fires of the forge have been seen, and the not unmusical thud of the hammer—who does not know Handel's air, "The Harmonious Blacksmith," and the origin of its composition?—has been heard there. A topographical work, published at Oxford in 1627, mentions "Bremincham inhabited with blacksmiths, and forging sundry kinds of iron utensils;" and Camden describes the place as "swarming with inhabitants, and echoing with the voice of anvils, for here are great numbers of smiths." Nature had given to the locality the materials, coal and iron, requisite for the labours of the townsmen, and for successive ages they have continued to employ them with increasing ability and energy to enrich themselves and add to the comforts and enjoyments of mankind.

The annals of so remarkable a place as this combine to make a story of more than ordinary interest; and it is well put forth in the series of papers which had their origin in the meeting last year of the British Association at Birmingham, and which are now collected and published in a volume of about seven hundred pages. We learn in it the whole history of its manufactures, from a pin to a rifled cannon, from a brass button to enormous metal-plates; from a gilt brooch to a group of bronze statues. The statistics of industry afford nothing so varied and curious as do the pages of this book, which traces the diversified products of Birmingham from their earliest establishment almost to the present time, and describes, in the majority of instances, the modes of manufacture, the improvements which have been made, the statistics of each trade,—in fact, everything which can be said within a certain space, and that by no means a limited one, respecting the district and its history.

These reports, the editor remarks, "make no pretension to literary merit. They have been written, collected, compiled, and edited by those who are busily engaged in the trade-life of the town. The whole of the matter is original, and the difficulties encountered have been almost insuperable, no such work having been attempted before." Among the names of those gentlemen who have contributed largely to the work we see that of Mr. W. C. Aitken, whose pen has often been enlisted in the service of the *Art-Journal* on behalf of the manufactures of the "Hardware" country, and other kindred subjects. The papers by Mr. Aitken are those on "Brass and Brass Manufactures," "Cast and Electro-Deposit Statuary," "The Revived Art of Metal-Working," &c., "Paper Maché Manufacture," and "Coffin Furniture Manufacture." Mr. H. Adkins writes upon "Soap" and "Red Lead;" Mr. H. Chance upon the various kinds of "Glass;" Mr. J. Hardman Powell, on "Stained Glass;" Mr. T. Middlemore, on "Saddlery;" Mr. J. S. Wright, on the "Jewellery and Gilt Toy Trades;" Mr. Ralph Heaton, on "Birmingham Coinage;" Mr. J. D. Goodman, on "Guns;" Mr. J. P. Turner, on "Buttons;" Mr. T. Yates, on "Pewter and Britannia Metal Trade;" Mr. E. Peyton, on "Iron and Brass Bedsteads." But the list is too great to be prolonged. Then there are papers on the geology of the district by Messrs. J. B. Jukes, F.R.S., H. Johnson, F.G.S., S. Bailey, F.G.S., E. Myers, F.G.S., and others; while the "Social and Economical Aspects of Birmingham" are treated by

Mr. J. T. Bunce, F.S.S., and the "Medical Aspects" by Dr. T. P. Heslop. The "Industrial History of Birmingham" is a concise and carefully-written contribution from the pen of the editor, Mr. Samuel Timmins, by whom we also find a chapter on the "Steel-pen Trade." The task of this gentleman in collecting and preparing for press the large mass of information to be found in the volume, must have proved most laborious, and the greatest credit is due to him for the comprehensive and lucid manner in which it is performed.

All who know what the Art-Manufactures of Birmingham were a quarter of a century ago, and what they now are, and who have traced our career during the same period, will not be surprised to find that the exertions of the *Art-Journal* to improve the taste of the manufacturer and artisan are duly recognised in the pages of the volume before us. We extract—but not by way of self-glorification, though that might be considered a venial offence under the circumstances—the following passage, which appears in a short paper headed "Literary and Pictorial Influences which have operated on the Brass Trade." The writer, after referring to sundry costly publications in existence prior to the appearance of our *Journal*, says,—

"To workmen these were sealed books, and these books in time circumscribed the style of work designed and produced. The process of designing then consisted of drawing pieces from the works named, and sticking them together. In the year 1839 the *Art-Journal* appeared, and took up the subject of Art applied to the results of Industry. It grappled manfully with the question of applied ornament, and showed how utility and beauty could be combined. Woodcuts illustrated the descriptions of the pen, and new forms were presented for the consideration of the designer. The work, being cheap, passed into the hands of the artisan; and then began that improvement in designs in metal, which has not ceased, and will not cease, so long as Birmingham produces metal work. To the editor of the work named is unquestionably due the merit of introducing or originating a work which, while it educated the taste of the purchaser, operated on that of the producer, designer, and artisan, too. Other competitors entered the field, but failed; and still, month after month, the *Art-Journal* conveys its lessons of Art, and its illustrations of Art and Industry, to the amateur's library, to the designer and modeller in their manufactory studio, and to the artisan in his workshop."

In 1839 the first exhibition of British industries was held in Birmingham; our *Journal* was then just established, and we were not in a position to do more than report the proceedings briefly. In 1846 a similar exhibition was opened at Manchester; this we reported and illustrated to a considerable extent, as we did also that which took place in Birmingham in 1849. One has only to refer to these illustrations, and compare them with those in our Illustrated Catalogue of the International Exhibition of 1851, and yet more with that of 1862, to see the immense progress made by our manufacturers during these intervening periods. To that progress our efforts, both with pen and pencil, were directed, and we have constantly received confirmatory proofs from those engaged in the production of Art-industrial works, that our pages have proved of essential service to them, and especially those containing "Original Designs for Manufactures," which were commenced in 1848, and have been continued as occasions demanded.

It is something to know, as we have long had the privilege of knowing, that our labours through many years have been instrumental in elevating the character of numerous branches of English manufactures; but it is doubly gratifying to find them thus acknowledged in a work which must be regarded as a compendious history of one of the most important industrial communities in the United Kingdom, and, indeed, in the whole world.

We are thankful to the compilers of this useful work for the compliment they convey to us. They permit us to think they only do us justice; but justice is not always accorded when it may be considered due.

* THE RESOURCES, PRODUCTS, AND INDUSTRIAL HISTORY OF BIRMINGHAM AND THE MIDLAND HARDWARE DISTRICT. A Series of Reports, collected by the Local Industries' Committee of the British Association at Birmingham, in 1865. Edited by Samuel Timmins. Published by R. Hardwicke, London.

METROPOLITAN AND PROVINCIAL
WORKING-CLASSES' EXHIBITION.

THE Agricultural Hall, Islington, presented a gay appearance on the afternoon of September 3rd, when the Industrial Exhibition to which we referred in our last number was opened with considerable ceremony, Mr. R. C. Hanbury, M.P., presiding. The proceedings commenced with the performance, on Willis's Great Exhibition organ, of a triumphal march, by Dr. Sparks, of Leeds, composed by himself. When the chairman, the council, the adjudicators of prizes, with other gentlemen, had taken their places on the platform erected for them, the choir of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, numbering about six hundred voices, sang the Old Hundredth Psalm. The secretary, Mr. W. J. Watts, then read the report of the council, and after the chairman, accompanied by many of those by whom he was surrounded on the platform, had taken a cursory survey of the contributions to the Exhibition, the choir sang the "Ode to Labour," written for the occasion by Mr. John Plummer, formerly a factory operative at Kettering. The poem, one of more than average merit, both in ideas and language, was set to music by Dr. Sparks, Madame Louisa Vinning and Mr. Weiss sustaining the solos. Mr. Hanbury then delivered an appropriate address, the "Hallelujah Chorus" was sung, the Rev. Dr. Miller, Vicar of Greenwich, offered a prayer, and the ceremony terminated with the "National Anthem."

Without entering upon any detailed description of the various works contributed, it may be remarked that the Exhibition contains much which serves to show that the artisan classes, who are its only supporters—if we except a collection of various objects lent by the South Kensington authorities, and by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, which occupy a room by themselves—have evinced skill, ingenuity, industry, and intelligence in very many of the productions sent in. True, we noticed some works the utility of which is scarcely questionable; but even these are not to be pronounced absolutely worthless, because they are the fruits of hours which might have been less creditably occupied, because they show perseverance in the pursuit of an object requiring thought and labour, and because, above all, they evidence a wish to perform something worthy of commendation. Such efforts, therefore, are not to be altogether disparaged as the idle offspring of idle hours, however desirable it may be to see industry and skill employed on more useful objects.

That the Exhibition has proved a subject of wide-spread interest, may be adduced from the fact that the list of contributors reaches nearly to 1,600. A very large majority of these reside in the metropolis and its immediate vicinity, but Birmingham, Bristol, Norwich, Plymouth, and other comparatively remote places, have sent in their quotas. The number of occupations represented, either in skilled or amateur work, is 320. Of these 93 are clerks, 44 printers, 41 engineers, carpenters and carvers, 37 of each, 35 engravers, 12 watchmakers, 12 labourers. In the class of "Inventions, Improvements, and Ingenious Contrivances," are no fewer than 134 entries. In the class "Skilled Work," are numerous excellent specimens of cabinet and upholstery work, wood-carving, and modelling, and some examples of cutlery and other hardware attracted our notice.

Great credit is due to Mr. Watts, the secretary, for the manner in which he, in conjunction with the other members of the Executive Council, has managed an undertaking that required no inconsiderable time, labour, and discretion. That their exertions will produce a satisfactory result, no one need doubt. The Hall, with its multifarious attractions, is worth visiting. In the words of the report,—"It is impossible to look around upon the thousands of objects collected within the hall without feeling that the working classes have nobly responded to the invitation of the Council, and furnished a display worthy of their known character for industry and ingenuity. But these, valuable though they be, are not the only

illustrations to be obtained of working-class progress. There exist among us societies devoted to the cultivation of music, to the advocacy and promulgation of certain principles calculated to improve the social position of the people, and associations having for their object mutual assistance in time of misfortune. With many of these, therefore, the Council conferred, and the result has been the organisation of a series of musical and other demonstrations, which, while giving a distinctive and original character to the undertaking, will also popularise the idea of co-operation, and prove its adaptability to recreative as well as industrial pursuits."

The Exhibition will, in all probability, remain open through the months of September and October. We shall find occasion to refer to it again.

ENCAUSTIC AND ZOPISSA.

In the present day the incitement to the application of Art and Science in the direction of public utility is so intense that we hear daily of the most stupendous projects, which are calmly discussed as feasibilities; and with some reason, because enterprises have been lately entered upon, and carried out, the bare contemplation of which was pronounced insanity by the last generation of philosophers. The activity of the sciences is incredible. If a comet is expected to look at us in passing, innumerable telescopes are continually sweeping the sky in search of it; if a new colour be announced, the resources of hundreds of laboratories are put in requisition, with a view to penetrate the precious secret. He who supplies a common want is not without his reward, for fortunes have been realised, and will continue to be so, by very simple contrivances. Among the most patient of inquirers to a useful end is Colonel Szerelmey, a gentleman well-known as having devoted his life to research into the nature of the Zopissa and Encaustic processes of the ancients. Encaustic requires no explanation, but of the word Zopissa we have to remark, that it means a certain so-called pitch or resin scraped from the bottoms of ships; and thus it in nowise indicates the method of its preparation for the various uses to which it is applicable. M. Szerelmey's discovery is not made public, as after having spent the best part of his life in his investigations, no one has a better right to benefit by the result of his inquiries than himself. Acquiescing in the spirit of the time, cheapness and usefulness are especially considered in the account to which he turns his Zopissa.

As the method of preparing the material is not published, and the scholar might be misled by the dry interpretation which a Greek Dictionary would give of the term, it may be well to state that the Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks, and Romans used this very composition extensively in their buildings, both for indurating the stone, and cementing it together. Their material must, therefore, have been compounded of ingredients commonly indigenous in these countries. The Zopissa, as we see it at the Albion Works at Battersea, is a pitchy mass which, when required for immediate use, is laddled out of a cauldron in a boiling state, and when used either as a cement or a facing for stone work, dries in three minutes, with a surface very much resembling the slag from a smelting furnace. But when applied as a facing and preservative to stone work, it settles with a vitreous surface, which is said to resist all the evil influences of our climate. The greatest curiosities of science and industry are frequently the most useless of the productions of learned labour, but the most remarkable effort of M. Szerelmey, is the association of Zopissa with paper in the construction of a house, a curiosity which cannot be placed among the inutilities. It consists, at present, of but one long room on the ground-floor, 40 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 15 high, but it can be divided into two or three apartments, at the discretion of the proprietor. It is admirably adapted for the convenience of emigrants, or any temporary purpose. There seems to be no limit to the variety

of the articles which may be made of Zopissa-paper; among the many shown at the Albion Works, are water-tanks, safety cartridge-cases for shipboard, coffins which may be hermetically sealed, large and small water and gas pipes, planks of all sizes and thicknesses, coach panels, double armour-plates for ships, filled in with Zopissa-paper, and for the different purposes to which the material is applied, we are assured that it is, for cheapness and durability, more eligible than materials in common use. As a cement for building, we are assured that the compound is all but indestructible, and certainly the readiness with which it sets is an invaluable property. Its wonderful tenacity is shown in many ways, especially by two Memel deals, 3 inches thick, and 9 inches deep, supported by bearings, 17 feet apart. They were loaded in the centre, and broke only under a weight of 9,272 lbs. The appliances, indeed, of M. Szerelmey's discovery are so diverse that we recommend them to all whom such things may concern.

THE CAMPO SANTO AT PISA.

To this subject attention is called by a set of photographs of the works of Benozzo Gozzoli, which take rank among the most perfect examples of the art.* The operator, it is true, has had to deal with subjects which, from their plenitude of light and detail, are very favourably conditioned for this kind of reproduction. As these frescoes were executed between the years 1469 and 1485 (the probable year of the painter's death), some surprise may be felt at their present state of preservation, when the uncertainty of fresco-life even in Italy is remembered. As well as these, however, may be instanced for their permanence the frescoes in the cloister of the Nunziata at Florence. The other artists who were employed in the decoration of the Campo Santo were,—Spinello Aretino, Antonio Veneziano, Giotto, Buffalmacco, Simone Memmi, Andrea Orcagna, Pietro Laurati, and Bruno, all of whom were accounted among the most famous painters of their time, and were Gozzoli's predecessors in the Campo Santo. Buffalmacco, whose real name is Buonamico di Cristofano, is the facetious individual whose jokes, as recorded by Boccaccio and Sacchetti, have enhanced his reputation more than his pictures have done. He was a contemporary of Giotto. His contributions to the series are four pictures, 'The Creation,' 'The Death of Abel,' 'Noah's Ark and the Deluge,' and 'The Crucifixion,' in all of which he seems to have aimed at nothing beyond a dry and often fantastic record of fact. Simone Memmi, of Siena, the reputed painter of Petrarch and Laura, was also a contemporary of Giotto, and although his labours in the Campo are in all respects superior to those of Buffalmacco, yet he, like the latter, is more indebted for the tradition of his name to the esteem of a literary friend than to his own artistic efforts.

Orcagna, properly Andrea di Cione, was one of the most eminent of the Giotteschi. In the index before us, two of the Campo Santo subjects are attributed to him, whereas one is believed to have been painted by his brother Bernardo: they are, 'The Triumph of Death,' and 'The Last Judgment.' The latter is said to be by Andrea. But the name of Orcagna is upheld more by his architecture than his

* The publishers of these photographs, or rather the sole agents for their issue in England, are Messrs. A. Mansell and Son, of Gloucester; they have been executed, we believe, by various artists at Pisa, and are in number twenty-five, contained in a portfolio, each photograph measuring about six inches by four, generally. As examples of photography they are unsurpassed; it is indeed impossible for works of the class to be more beautifully clear or more remarkably distinct, the figures, no matter how small, giving all the expression they derived from the artist. It is greatly to the credit of Messrs. A. Mansell and Son, enterprising publishers of a provincial city, that they have undertaken the issue of so interesting, valuable, and instructive a work; we trust it may be made sufficiently known among artists and Art-lovers to ensure success, for unquestionably it is an experiment of a costly, and it may be of a hazardous, character.

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ENGRAVED BY J. THOMPSON, FROM THE STATUE

BY SIR H. WESTMACOTT, B. A.



BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

SOME four months ago it was our pleasant duty to notice the very excellent collection of water-colour drawings brought together by the above-named Society. We have now the pleasure of directing attention to what is understood as its Annual Exhibition. Two exhibitions in one year are rarely undertaken by even Metropolitan societies, and the second exhibition marks in a peculiar degree the untiring energy with which the office-bearers of the Birmingham Society of Artists do their work. If we express a doubt of the general character of the exhibition just opened as regards the excellence of the works exhibited, it must be understood we do so from no hypercritical motives, knowing, as we do, the difficulty in securing great pictures for Provincial exhibitions, the best of them shown in the London spring-exhibitions being almost invariably bought by collectors, who, as a rule, decline to lend in the year of purchase that of which they have so recently become possessors. Eventually, however, these works do, after a few years, by the liberality of their owners, find their way into Provincial exhibitions, and they form the chief centres of attraction, as in that now under consideration, wherein the local galleries of Joseph Gillott, S. Mayou, A. Dixon, Sidney Cartwright, T. Ryland, Esqs., and the collections of John Ruskin, Alexander Collie, and John Marshall, Esqs., have furnished paintings which go far to enhance the value of the contents of the exhibition. The pictures, 777 in number, are contributed by 369 artists, of which 156 are by local artists; these fill all the available space in the six saloons of the building. Not one single example of sculpture is exhibited; even the vice-president (Mr. Peter Hollins) fails to contribute.

The great picture of the exhibition is the 'Val d'Aosta' by Brett, already familiar to most of our readers by the noble criticism written upon it by its proprietor, John Ruskin. Far different in treatment, but a very noble picture, is the out-spread landscape, 'At Husting Coombe, Sussex,' cutting and carrying wheat introduced, painted by George Cole. The great size of, and careful work in, the 'Charlemagne Oak,' by A. MacCallum, merits attention. 'Bravo Toro,' by J. B. Burgess, displays the interest taken by the Spaniards in their national amusement of the bull-fight; and a sudden gleam of physical and mental light irradiates the expressive countenance portrayed by J. Sant in his charming illustration of 'Light thrown on a Dark Passage.' Marcus Stone gives us a pleasant glimpse of the interior of the dwelling, 'The Early Home of James Watt,' with the future-improver of the steam-engine when a child, teaspoon in hand, checking the issue of the steam from the kettle spout, and pondering on the irresistible power which has revolutionised the world of manufacture, &c. J. Follingsby, a new name in Birmingham exhibitions, illustrates that passage in the lives of Queen Elizabeth and her aspiring but pliant courtier, Sir W. Raleigh, wherein he expresses his desire to rise, but fears to fall in doing so, written on the glass pane of the window. The queen is represented in the act of recording her opinion and advice, that "he who lacks courage ne'er will rise or fall." Another name new to Provincial exhibitions, Jean Robie, has a richly coloured, broad, and freely handled work, representing flowers and fruit. 'The Queen receiving the Wounded Crimean Guards at Buckingham Palace,' by John Gilbert, is an effective water-colour rendering of a touching and memorable scene.*

In addition to the works named, there are many by artists not local, of great excellence; the names of—Absolon, Bond, Rosa Bonheur, Bouvier, Brandard, Claxton, James Danby, Frost, Sir F. Grant, W. Gale, Mrs. Golingsby, Houston, Hemsley, Joy, Mrs. W. Oliver, A. Perigal, J. Pettitt, Riviere, Syer, Vickers, War-

ren, Wehnart, Weigall, Woolner, Mrs. Ward, &c., all contribute works of greater or less interest and excellence.

As already indicated, the local artists come out in great force, as regards the number of works they exhibit. In portraiture Mr. Roden holds on improving; there is, however, a tendency to the indulgence in brown as flesh shadows, which the artist should be careful of; several of his works have suffered from this. His portrait of James Johnston, M.D., Consulting Physician of the General Hospital, Birmingham, is an admirable likeness, as no doubt also is that of Timotheus Burd, Esq., of Shrewsbury; and the powerful colour, chastened with masterly discrimination, leads us to notice a portrait by his son, W. Roden, as indicating a likelihood of future excellence. Mr. H. T. Munns, who exhibits for the second time, has some very excellent portraits; the purity of his flesh tints should be attended to. Mr. C. J. Burt is still forcible in his execution; his touch gets broader and bolder, but there is atmosphere in everything he does: if we say a little more careful manipulation would be to his advantage, the hint might be taken. Mr. Chattock again contributes liberally; on the present occasion he does not surpass his previous efforts. Mr. C. W. Radclyffe, always industrious, sends numerous contributions. Mr. W. Hall's subjects are all marked by careful, solid execution, and quiet colour. Mr. F. H. Henshaw, always careful, earnest, and industrious, sends no fewer than six works; 'High on the Mountains,' the most important, is, however, liable to a charge of prettiness, which ill accords with the subject; it is so good, we could wish it were better; the details suggest whether, going so far, their finish should not be carried further. An indiscriminate distribution of lights robs Mr. Henshaw's pictures of their real value, destroys the effect of his distances, by bringing them out too prominently, and detracts from the value of his always earnest, honest, and apparently laborious and evidently painstaking work. Mr. J. Steeple and his daughter, Miss Steeple, are both liberal contributors; as may be supposed, the relationship induces similarity of treatment, colour, &c. Certain minuteness of execution does not at all times produce fidelity to nature, or suggest that identity of the object copied, or intended to be copied, has been secured. Mr. C. R. Aston has made advances.

The department of fruit and flowers is a favourite one, and in it many are the local contributors. Some six or eight years ago Mr. Thomas Worsey essayed this walk, in which he still continues to maintain his superiority.

For collectors whose galleries are limited in accommodation, there are abundance of cleverly executed little "bits," the purchase of which would materially aid in encouraging and developing artistic taste and excellence.

Among pictures by local artists, of the *genre* and small-sized works, we note contributions from S. H. Baker, A. Deakin, J. Banner, E. and W. H. Hall—sons of an artistic father, they seem to take as naturally to Art as young ducks take to water—F. H. Harris, F. S. and H. Hill, the Misses Osborne and Procter, W. Reeves, Sims, Valters, Vernon, Wilkins, &c. &c. Many contributors connected with the town space necessitates our passing over: it should, however, be understood that many of these works are of equal excellence with those produced by exhibitors who have been named.

The energy with which the Birmingham Society of Artists works in getting up its exhibitions, always securing a fair proportion of good and instructive pictures, in addition to others contributed directly from the artists themselves, shows what can be done when men are honestly interested in a particular pursuit and calling. A very great share of the success of the society is due to the untiring exertions of Mr. A. E. Everitt, the honorary secretary, whose labours in the direction named does not preclude his annually sending works for exhibition. On the present occasion he contributes three, interesting from their antiquarian architectural character. Birmingham on all occasions succeeds in accomplishing one of the best Provincial exhibitions; the present forms no exception to the rule.

THE OPTICS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

At the meeting of the British Association lately held at Nottingham, M. Claudet, the eminent photographer, read a paper "On a new process for equalising the definition of all the planes of a solid figure represented in a photographic picture." We have not seen M. Claudet's instrument, nor any of the results it yields, but from the description given of its effects when in use, it must be regarded as supplying an aid to the practice of photography, the want of which has long been a source of embarrassment. The value of the invention will be intelligible to general readers when it is explained that by its means the different parts of a photographed figure are maintained in their natural relative proportions. It has occurred to everybody to see photographic portraits of their friends in which certain features or members are relatively in excess either of enlargement or diminution. This is due to the fact that the lens truly focusses only the objects on that plane to which it is adjusted; and hence the very limited variety of poses that an operator has at command. It is a common practice to adjust the lens so as to obtain the most perfect definition of the eyes; thus the extremity of the nose, in a front face, being in a nearer plane, is at times so much exaggerated as to ruin the photograph as a likeness. It will also be understood with respect to objects which are made to assist a composition, that they lose definition in proportion to their distance from the plane focussed. In order in some degree to meet this difficulty, it is customary to use stops, or diaphragms, to reduce the aperture through which the image is admitted, inasmuch as to cut off all the oblique rays, and to work only with the direct rays. By this expedient is procurable a definition of the material on different planes so nearly equal that the slight disproportion is inappreciable save by exact comparison. But the light admitted to the lens being reduced in proportion to the contraction of the size of the aperture with which we work, the time of exposure is necessarily increased; and hence the difficulty of a sitter maintaining a pose sufficiently firm for many seconds.

M. Claudet advances the idea that a likeness would be perfect if the nose, eyes, and ear could be photographed in their respective foci, and then from these images "a collective portrait could be formed." However impossible this may at first appear to the photographer, or unintelligible to the general reader, it is nevertheless the germ of the principle which he seems to have worked out. He has invented an instrument called a "focimeter," in order to test in what degree the chemical and visual foci of lenses coincided or differed. This instrument is made of eight separate segments of a disc, mounted at the distance of an inch and a half from each other, on a horizontal axis of twelve inches. These segments are numbered 1 to 8; the first is nearest to the lens, and the adjustment of the whole is so perfect that the image thrown on the ground glass is that of a perfect disc—in fact, a lens which, by being moved during the time of exposure, adapts itself consecutively to every plane of the subject. In ordinary experience the alteration of the focus during exposure blurs the image; but the result of M. Claudet's invention and practice seems to be an image which yields a print characterised by all the softness of an artistic study. The most important part of the discovery is the "attainment of greater perfection without moving the frame holding the plate in order to adapt it consecutively to the focus of each of the planes of the figure. In moving the frame it is evident that in one direction we increase, and in the other we reduce the size of those parts of the image which are consecutively brought into focus;" but by effectively working the lenses, we adapt the focus of every plane to the immovable frame holding the plate, which thus receives a representation of every plane with less increase or reduction of size than when the power of the double combination remains the same. As far as we understand M. Claudet's invention, it must be, especially for large portraits, invaluable.

* Most of the pictures here alluded to have already undergone the ordeal of our criticism; still, we allow our Birmingham correspondent to express his own ideas concerning them. [ED. A.-J.]

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Arrangements with the Government having been brought to a close, the Academy has, by unanimous vote, appointed Sydney Smirke, Esq., architect of the buildings to be erected at the back of Burlington House. The appointment cannot be otherwise than satisfactory; Mr. Smirke holds foremost professional rank, the reading-room at the British Museum bears evidence of his adaptive faculty, and there are many structures in all parts of the kingdom that are accepted proofs of his ability. With the architect will be associated Messrs. Scott, Hardwick, Creswick, Cope, Marshall, and Weekes, for "consultation." No doubt especial care will be taken to provide a proper gallery for painters in water-colours; at present the two bodies are very insufficiently accommodated in Pall Mall and in Pall Mall East. We trust the several galleries will be so constructed as that no one shall be better than the other, and that no provision will be made to hang pictures where they cannot be seen. Hereafter there must be no complaint of "want of space" to hang all the good pictures that may be offered, while it may be considered certain that all officials will be paid according to their worth. The Academy will no longer have hanging over them a threat of being rendered houseless—a threat that undoubtedly did in a measure excuse the lack of liberality which has always been a barrier between it and public sympathy. Its annual income will in future promote the cause and extend the influence of Art.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—A picture by Rembrandt has been added to the collection, but it will not be placed until the recess. The subject is our Saviour blessing little children, and it presents one of those interesting studies of *chiar-oscuro* with which the works of the master abound. The Saviour is seated, before Him stands a child; and these, the principal figures, are hemmed in by a crowd composed partly of idlers and partly of parents bringing their children to participate in the blessing. In this work, as in others, Rembrandt has taken his models at random from the people among whom he lived; and his inveterate habit of portrait-painting enables us to recognise here heads that have appeared in others of his works. It is a large upright picture, in very good condition, and is, we believe, the first addition to the gallery under the direction of Mr. Boxall. The price was, we understand, £7,000.

NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.—The Act of Parliament having reference to this building is published. It states that £67,000 are to be paid for the site on which the work-house of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields now stands. That building is to be occupied as at present till October, 1868.

MR. WALLIS will again hold his annual Winter Exhibition in the gallery of the British Artists, Suffolk Street. It will open in the next ensuing month.

A MOSAIC of the Lord's Supper, which has been executed by Dr. Salviati for Westminster Abbey, is temporarily deposited in the Jerusalem Chamber; but it is there seen to great disadvantage, as being placed very low. The subject admits of very little variety in the dispositions; the Saviour must be the centre figure, near Him is always the beloved disciple, and among the others should always be distinguishable he who denied Him, and he who betrayed Him. The work was designed

by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, London, but executed in Venice; and it will be acknowledged to be the best example of the art that has recently appeared among us. The figures are small, and hence the greater difficulty in following out the modelling, especially in the heads and hands. The general tone is light, with middle gradations, and only one or two indispensable telling darks; and thus it is at once understood that the picture is intended for a subdued light. It will be placed just above the communion-table, where it is hoped it will be seen to advantage by persons standing below the steps of the altar. The arrangement of the figures is extremely simple, while there is evidence of careful study in the attitudes, and the expression of the figures bespeaks at once the startling effect produced by the denunciation of Judas. The figure of the Saviour is relieved by a crimson screen, from which, on each side, extends a series of gilt panels, extremely well laid in, the lines being all horizontal. We remark this because in other mosaics, lately made, the lines run at different angles, to the utter destruction of the necessary flatness in the background. The surface of Dr. Salviati's work is so satisfactory that the mosaic seems to have been laid in, face downwards; if it be not so, that is a sufficient evidence of the extreme care with which it has been composed. Little has as yet been effected by our artists in this direction; but if the art become popular, there is no reason why it should not be carried to a degree of excellence equal to that of the schools most signalised in this kind of decoration. The mosaic measures 10 feet by 5½ feet. As the estimation of the work will depend so much upon its effect *in situ*, we defer further remark until it is placed.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—At a recent meeting of the members of this society, Mr. Hurlstone, its president, in behalf of his brethren, presented to Mr. Henry Hawkins a purse of money, to mark the respect felt for him as one of the founders and the oldest member of the institution.

INJURY TO NATIONAL SCULPTURES.—In consequence of the damage done to the statues of Hampden and Lord Clarendon, by some person or persons, extra police are now stationed in St. Stephen's-hall to prevent a repetition of such wanton acts. These statues are both seriously injured: that of the Earl of Clarendon was damaged by some person who mischievously climbed on the pedestal to place a tobacco pipe in the hand of the statesman, and in doing so materially defaced the elaborate embroidery of the robe. It is much to be regretted that the scoundrel who wilfully committed such outrages was not detected and severely punished. We are pleased to feel assured that such offences are not now of frequent occurrence, though, as may be seen at Westminster, there still are individuals who can degrade themselves by abusing the privileges allowed them, when they desecrate that which they have not the sense to appreciate.

A BUST, in marble, of the late W. Mulready, R.A., by H. Weekes, R.A., has recently been placed in the entrance lobby of the National Gallery. The sculptor has done his work well, the likeness is life-like, the pose easy and natural, and the execution vigorous. Mulready's name, with the years of his birth and death, are engraven on the pedestal. The bust is, we believe, the result of a subscription chiefly by artists.

THE EXHIBITION of the Royal Manchester Institution opened on the 15th of last

month, too late for us to notice it in the present number. We hope to refer to it in our next.

STATUE OF O'CONNELL.—Peace and concord are at last dawning on the Dublin O'Connell statue project, a committee having been formed to act decisively in the selection of an artist and design; and as the committee comprises the names of gentlemen of the highest position, we may confidently hope that steps will be immediately taken whereby the good intentions of the promoters of the movement may be realised.

THE BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION recently held its twenty-third annual congress at Hastings, where, during the week devoted to its meetings and explorations among the mass of interesting material afforded by that locality, the reception of its members was marked by the warmth of welcome and the reciprocity of fellow labourers in a similar field of research. The Sussex Archaeological Society, one of the most active bodies in the kingdom, by judicious arrangement largely contributed to the success with which the gathering celebrated the eight hundredth anniversary of that battle whereby this land became subject to Norman rule and was embellished by Norman arts. Monday was devoted to a public reception of the association by the Mayor and Corporation; the address of the President of the Congress, the Earl of Chichester; and a lengthened examination of the antiquities of the town, T. H. Cole, Esq., M.A., acting as *cicerone*. On Tuesday the old towns of Rye and Winchelsea were visited, at which latter place the company were received by the mayor *en fête*. Wednesday was occupied by an examination of the remains of the archiepiscopal palace at Mayfield, under the guidance of E. Roberts, Esq., F.S.A. On Thursday the old moated towers of Bodiam echoed to Mr. Savery's discourse on its former occupants and its Norman features. In the afternoon of the same day a large company visited Battle Church and Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Cleveland, the interesting details of which were graphically set forth by Gordon M. Hills, Esq.: the hospitalities at the deanery on this occasion deserve special mention. Friday witnessed a numerous assemblage at Pevensey (the *Anderida* of the Romans), *en route* for Hurstmonceux, once the handsomest brick-built castle in the kingdom, but now in roofless ruins. In the evening the Mayor of Hastings entertained the association at an evening *soirée*. Saturday closed the week's proceedings by a visit to Lewes under the hospitalities of the Sussex Archaeological Society. Papers were read at the evening meetings by J. R. Planché, Esq., G. R. Wright, Esq., F.S.A., Rev. F. A. Arnold, J. C. Savery, Esq., &c. &c.

THE REV. MACKENZIE WALCOTT states that a remarkable discovery of wall-paintings has been made at Battle Church (since the visit of the British Archaeological Association), by Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., assisted by Mr. Rutley. They had previously been described by the Irish artist Brooke, who resided at Hastings during the later years of his life, but had been recovered with whitewash. Mr. Ward, by a careful application of size, is now engaged in restoring them to light, and pronounces them to be of a high class of Art, and of the close of the twelfth century.

THE LATE M. DE LA RUE'S collection of "old Wedgwood" will, it is understood, be

• Mr. Brooke illustrated, among other works, the first edition of Croker's "Fairy Legends of Ireland."

sold by Christie during the spring of next year: it is of immense extent, including vases, busts, statuettes, &c. &c., many large plaques, and some thousands of medallions. M. de la Rue was a collector when these works were obtained easily—there were few or none to appreciate them; he purchased for shillings specimens that will sell for pounds. There will be great competition, for the productions of the "mighty master" have nearly all gone out of the market; they are rarely found, now-a-days, at any of the dealers, and are greedily acquired wherever they can be met with. In Paris, and in Germany also, they bring prices higher than they even do in England.

MISS METEYARD has nearly completed the second volume of her *Life of Wedgwood*; it will, we understand, far surpass the first in interest and in the number and quality of its illustrations. Her plan having been made extensively known, she has obtained much valuable aid, many new sources of information having been opened to her.

MR. MCCONNELL.—Numerous contributions towards the formation of a portfolio of drawings have been made to enable this well-known wood-engraver to have the benefit of a temporary change of climate, with a view to the re-establishment of his health; which has been so seriously impaired, by perhaps too close application to his profession, as to have rendered him for the last two years unable to work. The little collection contains drawings or sketches by Sant, W. Collins, R.A., Charles Kean, Tom Hood (the elder), E. Hargitt, G. Cruikshank, Flaxman, Hayes, C. Cattermole, John Constable, D. Roberts, Brierley, D. C. Watson, Sandys, and many others. Mr. McConnell has, we believe, engraved for *Punch*, *The Illustrated London News*, *The Leisure Hour*, *London Society*, &c. His address is 17, Tavistock Street, Bedford Square.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MR. F. FRITH, OF REIGATE.—This admirable and justly popular photographer has enabled us to examine a portfolio of his works. They are of surpassing excellence, the productions of an artist who feels and comprehends nature, and who brings to his aid the skill that is derived from experience. Each of the views before us is a picture, carried to such an extent of perfection as the artist will try in vain to reach, for while the best points have been, in all instances (in reference to many of them we can speak from our own knowledge), selected, there has been due consideration given to the light and shade, on the effects of which so much of value invariably depends. It will be difficult to over-rate the worth of the collection. They seem to supply all the enjoyment that Art is capable of conveying to the eye and mind. Mr. Frith has made innumerable tours to obtain this extensive series. He has been in Rome and in Norway, and apparently over the whole of Switzerland; at least, his list contains the names of every place, with the name of which the general reader is familiar,* and, no doubt, the traveller and the tourist will acknowledge the debt they incur to the photographer for these delicious reminders of the charming or majestic beauties of the richly gifted country, nearly every step of which is known to hundreds of thousands in Great Britain. We are narrow-minded enough, however, to prefer the natural graces—here so abundantly pictured—of our own island; and we may believe that Mr. Frith fully appreciates the charms

supplied by the mountains and valleys, the hills and dales, the rivers and lakes, the woods and hedge-rows, the moors and glens, that are "delights" in England, Scotland, and Wales. Unhappily, he has not yet visited Ireland. We have in the collection views of the most picturesque of the "ruined" abbeys the three countries present—Melrose, Dryburgh, Fountains, Rivaux, Kirkstall, Tintern, Glastonbury; while of our ancient castles there are several—Raglan, Kenilworth, Hurstmonceux, Conway, Caernarvon, Pembroke, Bamborough. The landscape beauties of Great Britain have furnished many subjects, gathered in North and South Wales, in Devonshire, at Matlock, in the Isle of Wight, in Derbyshire, and in other of our home-counties, where nature is most lavish of her choicest gifts.

MR. FOLEY'S STATUE of the late Lord Herbert of Lea has been cast in bronze at the foundry of Messrs. Prince & Co., Southwark. The figure is of colossal size, and is to be erected in the open space of the War Office, Pall Mall, a government department over which the deceased statesman, who is, perhaps, best known as the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, long presided.

BUST OF JOSEPH HUME.—The Queen has given permission for the bust of the late Mr. Hume, presented to the House of Commons by his widow, to be placed within the precincts of the Houses of Parliament.

STEREOSCOPIC SLIDES.—Mr. F. C. Jeanneret, a young amateur photographer residing at Cheltenham, has been very successful with a number of landscapes taken in Wales and elsewhere. His subjects are well chosen, and are treated artistically. As deserving of special notice we may point out two views in the vicinity of Chepstow, one of these, a wintry scene, the distance partially obscured by fog, is remarkable for truth of effect. Chepstow Castle, on a hazy day, is also good. 'Wood-cutters at Noverton,' 'Fishing on the Chelt,' 'Pont-y-Pair,' 'Bonchurch,' and 'Rustic Courtship,' all show that the artist knows how to employ his camera advantageously.

THE FINE-ARTS' QUARTERLY REVIEW, after the lapse of about a year in its course of publication, has again made its appearance, under the management of its original editor, Mr. Woodward, Librarian to the Queen. The principal papers in the new number are a review of Mr. Tom Taylor's "Reynolds and his Times;" a notice of Jehan Fouquet and the collection of miniatures by him in the possession of M. Brentano, Frankfort-on-the-Maine; a biographical sketch of the late President of the Royal Academy; "The Sistine Chapel and the Cartoons of Raphael;" a review of Texier's and Pullan's "Principal Ruins of Asia Minor;" "Hippolyte Flandrin;" a notice of Mrs. Jameson's and Lady Eastlake's "History of our Lord;" an article upon etching; "Studio-Talk. No. I.—Landscape-Painting;" "Cornelius Vischer," &c., &c. The *Fine-Arts' Review* has passed into the hands of Messrs. Day and Son (Limited), who publish it, and have enriched the current number with some excellent coloured and plain prints from the works of the ancient masters.

WEST LONDON SCHOOL OF ART.—A *conversazione*, by permission of Council of Education, was held some time since in aid of the funds of this school, which has been gradually falling into pecuniary difficulties. We have not heard to what extent the institution is likely to be benefited by the experiment.

REVIEWS.

THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR. Painted by G. H. THOMAS. Chromo-lithographed and Published by DAY AND SON (Limited), London.

Many of our readers, doubtless, availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing Mr. Thomas's picture when exhibited, in 1864, at the German Gallery, in Bond Street. It was undertaken, we believe, expressly for the purpose of being reproduced in the way in which it is now before the public. The artist was present at the ceremony, and subsequently had "sittings" from a large majority of the distinguished personages who took part in it. Of the high merits of the picture we spoke in our description of it when exhibited.

Independent of its value as a work of Art, the national interest which is attached to the picture merits reproduction, and it has been so copied in colour-printing that, allowing for difference of size and the rich *impasto* of the artist's pigments, one can almost fancy the original painting is again before us. Considering the difficulties which surround the process of chromo-lithography when engaged on such a subject, the result is really astonishing. Not only is the varied and brilliant colouring of silks and satins, velvets and superfine cloths, gold and silver, most successfully imitated, but even the faces of the bevy of fair ladies who were associated with the magnificent scene are scarcely less delicately tinted than is a miniature from the hand of a Ross, or a Richmond, or a Thorburn, while the likenesses of all present, from the Queen in the royal chamber of the chapel to the yeomen of the guard on duty, may be easily recognised by those acquainted with the features of each. Some of the ladies may object, perhaps, to a certain severity of expression, or an unaristocratic "staring" given to the countenance, but they must bear in mind it is not easy for even a painter, much less a printing-machine, to catch all the graces which nature has lavished upon them. All the architecture of the building, too, stands out with great clearness and decision of lines, and the general effect as regards light and shade is most skilfully preserved.

The print is of unusually large dimensions, but not one inch too large; it is a work that thousands will desire to possess, though it can only come within the reach of the comparative few, for the cost of production must have been great. There is not a mansion in the country or her colonies where it might not find a home of which it is worthy.

THE OBERLAND AND ITS GLACIERS: Explored and Illustrated with Ice-axe and Camera. By H. B. GEORGE, M.A., F.R.G.S., Editor of the "Alpine Journal." With Twenty-eight Photographic Illustrations. By ERNEST EDWARDS, B.A. And a Map of the Oberland. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

Had any one told us a few years ago that we should live to see the day when there would be established among us an "Alpine Club" and an "Alpine Journal," we should have smiled quite as incredulously as if we had also been told that within our own lifetime a few hours only would suffice to send or receive messages across the Atlantic. But this is an age of such activity and discovery, of such striving after novelties for mere amusement, no less than for useful and worthy ends, that each year, if not day, brings its "wonder." Locomotion is a great modern feature, conveying travellers of almost all conditions and of both sexes into regions the remotest and paths the most inaccessible; the love of adventure and the attractions of the grand and beautiful in nature prevailing over personal discomforts of every kind, and even over all apprehensions of individual safety. The strong, and the brave, and the loved of their fellows, have gone forth in this spirit to face death, and have found it; yet others have followed in the

* Of Switzerland, the list contains upwards of two hundred views.

same path, but, happily, not always with the same result; and this immunity from a fatal catastrophe seems to act as a stimulant urging others still to undertake similar enterprises without the shadow of fear as to the result.

In the autumn of last year Mr. George and a party of eight ladies and gentlemen—four of each sex—sembled at Grindelwald to explore the ice-country of the Bernese Oberland. From this expedition arose this handsome volume in our hands. No apology appears to be needed for its publication, but the author would not "rush into print" without assigning a reason for so doing. He says:—"Books on Alpine travel and photographs of Alpine scenery have, of late, become so familiar to the public, that no suggestion for adding to the number of either would ever have been seriously entertained, had it not been for a belief that a new and useful combination of the two might be made." This explains the object of the work, which is to render the illustrations and the text aids to each other. Photography, that uncompromising delineator of nature, reveals to us truths which no pencil of the most skilful artist could render with fidelity. Hence we see in Mr. Edwards's clear and brilliant pictures the marvels, the strange configurations, of the glacier-world copied with the greatest accuracy, and shown under the most extraordinary effects of light and shade. "Heaven-descended in its origin," writes Principal Forbes, with reference to the glacier, "it yet takes its mould and conformation from the hidden womb of the mountains which brought it forth. At first soft and ductile, it acquires a character of its own, as an inevitable destiny urges it in its onward career. Jostled and constrained by the crosses and inequalities of its prescribed path, hedged in by impassable barriers which fix limits to its movements, it yields groaning to its fate, and still travels forward seamed with the scars of many a conflict with opposing obstacles. All this while, although wasting, it is renewed by an unseen power—it evaporates, but is not consumed. On its surface it bears the spoils which, during the progress of existence, it has made its own—often weighty burdens devoid of beauty or value; at times precious masses sparkling with gems or with ore."

Mr. George's record of the travels of his party is pleasant reading, the descriptions of the wonderful scenery among which they moved are graphic and sometimes practical, while the scientific portion of the book—that especially which relates to the theories of glaciers and glacial motion—though not new, as it is based on those of Professor Tyndall—is written lucidly, and, therefore, comprehensively. For the inexperienced Alpine climber routes, instructions, and advice are laid down perspicuously. Not only as a narrative of adventure, but also as an intelligent guide book, we commend "Oberland and its Glaciers" as a work to be read for the interest which attaches to its matter, and to be looked at for the beauty of its photographic illustrations.

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR BILDENDE KUNST. Published by SEEMAN, Leipzig; TRÜBNER, London.

This is a new Art-periodical for Germany, with the addition of illustrations, of which it must be said that they are selected with much judgment. Each number contains well-written articles, technical, critical, or historical, as the case may be, followed by notices and announcements of all kinds bearing on the interests of Art. The correspondence of the journal is extensive, as it touches on the leading subjects of the Art-news of Paris, Brussels, Vienna, Prague, Munich, Pesth, Berlin, and the Rhine cities. The first number opens very appropriately with a paper on the Art of the day by Lübke, who treats very philosophically the relations between artists and the public; and in succeeding numbers other important articles are—"Kaulbach as illustrator of the German Classics," and an essay on the works of David and the contemporary French schools by Julius Meyer, who handles the subject with more thoughtful discrimination than it has yet been treated withal. In a paper "On the Participation of Austrian Artists in the

Paris Exhibition of 1867," the following observations occur:—"According to the regulations of the Central Committee in Paris, works sent to the Exhibition must have been executed since 1855. With respect to the classification of the objects there are provisions which do not accord with our views. Paintings on glass, for instance, are excluded from the Art-categories, and placed in those of Industry; neither are executed models of buildings admitted among productions of Art. . . . The number of Austrian artists who propose contributing exceeds two hundred, but it is clear that only a part of these can become exhibitors in consequence of the limited space assigned. Thus we do not envy the Committee its task of pronouncing on those works which are to be withheld."—The illustrations are interesting, and besides the names just given we find as contributors to the journal others of well-known writers on Art.

FERNS, BRITISH AND FOREIGN. Their History, Organography, Classification, and Enumeration; with a Treatise on their Cultivation, &c., &c. By JOHN SMITH, A.L.S., &c., Ex-Curator of the Botanic Gardens, Kew. Published by R. HARDWICKE, London.

But a few years ago the fern was held in as little regard comparatively as the most ordinary plant which grows in our woodlands or on the swampy moor; it was a weed that claimed no attention from any but an enthusiastic botanist. Now it is a cherished and popular object of cultivation. The suburban, as well as the country, garden, displays its "fernery;" the plant inhabits the hothouse and the conservatory, it adds to the elegance and the enrichments of the drawing-room and the boudoir; the carpet-manufacturer weaves it into his designs, the cotton-spinner into his muslin, the paper-stainer introduces it into his wall-decorations. The fern is ubiquitous. Mr. Smith tells us that in 1857 he could enumerate only five hundred and sixty exotic species as known in British gardens. This was a large number, but the constantly increasing demand, consequent upon their wide-spread cultivation, has greatly stimulated the introduction of new ones, and our collections have since increased at the rate of about fifty species a year. His book shows a list of more than nine hundred exotic species now cultivated in this country, of which the greater number has been introduced during the last quarter of a century.

The volume appears to comprehend within it every information on the subject which the fern-grower can desire to know, both with reference to the distinguishing characteristics of the plant, and to its proper cultivation, whether in the open ground or under shelter. The enumerated catalogue is illustrated by woodcuts of the various ferns mentioned, which are also fully described, but in terms that to the unlearned in botany must undoubtedly prove very puzzling and unintelligible. We must commend Mr. Smith's scientific labours to those—and they are a numerous class of the public—to whom the cultivation of the fern is a matter of interest.

HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND. With New Travelling Maps. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

Guide-books to the English Lake Districts are numerous enough, and some of them answer the purpose for which they were intended; but Mr. Murray's "Handbook" is not limited to the lakes, it takes in the whole of the two counties of which these constitute such an attractive charm; and thus includes localities of historic interest, and places associated with deeds sung by poet, and narrated by the writer of romance. The "border" country is the land of ancient raid and foray, where might often contended with right for the mastery.

Like all similar publications issued from Albermarle Street, this is thoroughly well done. The editor, as we are informed, resides amidst the scenery he describes, and it has been his object to direct attention to the places most worthy to be visited, and how they may be most conveniently reached. In pointing out, and commenting upon, the different routes which travellers may follow, nothing practically useful

seems to be omitted, nor anything which may not be found interesting to those who travel, perhaps, less for pleasure than to gain knowledge of some kind or other—the antiquarian, the botanist, the geologist. The maps are excellent, particularly one of the Lake District.

NORMANDY; ITS HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, AND TOPOGRAPHY. With an Itinerary for the Tourist. Published by CASSELL & Co., London.

Another of the "Topographical Guides" recently issued by the enterprising firm whose names appear on the title-page. Normandy is a country which ought to be peculiarly interesting to us English in whose blood both that of the old Norman and of the old Saxon mingle: it is, too, a country for the tourist, be he antiquarian, artist, sportsman, or only a lover of the picturesque. This guide-book will serve as a good introduction for the traveller; it contains much information, historical as well as topographical, and especially concerning those towns and cities he would be most desirous to visit.

PROVINCIAL PAPERS; being a collection of Tales and Sketches. By JOSEPH HATTON, author of "Bitter Sweets," "Against the Stream," &c. Published by C. J. SKERT, London.

This is just the kind of book that one who has a few minutes hanging unemployed on his hands would be pleased to take up *pour passer le temps*; a series of short papers, several of which have "done duty" in sundry newspapers, &c., of the provinces: hence the title. Mr. Hatton is evidently a writer of observant and cultivated mind, savoured, too, with a considerable spice of humour, and he has well employed it in the discussion of a multitude of topics that form very agreeable reading. Most of the subjects have been suggested by the author's experience and knowledge of provincial "life," which he has studied to good purpose. As a descriptive sketch of "professional" work, his account of the making-up a country newspaper in the printing-office, a chapter headed "Locking-up," is most amusing, yet by no means overdrawn.

AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE. By a New Writer. Published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, London.

"A New Writer" has commenced her career well, and if she continues to write with the same care and the same object, we may congratulate the "reading public" that a healthful and earnest author has come to the rescue of English morality and the English language in the "world of fiction."

"Aunt Margaret's Trouble" is sufficiently exciting to rivet attention from the first page to the last, without outraging probability or steeping its records in deeper passion or crime than is found in real life. The character of the two sisters is finely contrasted, and the hero of the tale is no worse, and certainly no better, than the every-day men whose vanity leads them into the peril of making love to one woman while their honour, and whatever real affection they possess, binds them to another. The author looks on the world with clear but not hard eyes, and if "Aunt Margaret's Trouble" does not make those who read better, it is the reader's fault, not hers.

BENAIHAH: a Tale of the Captivity. By MRS. WEBB, author of "Naomi," &c. Published by JACKSON, WALFORD, & Co., London.

Mrs. Webb has written some very charming stories for young people, and "Benaiha" will not, for a certainty, prove the least interesting of those from her pen. On this occasion, as on others, this lady finds in Jewish history, as recorded in the Scriptures, and in the traditions of Hebrew writers, a profitable field of subject, which she turns to a pleasant and useful account. There is enough in this history of what we are apt to call romance for the foundation of many a stirring tale, and when such materials fall into the hands of those who know how to employ them to advantage, as this lady does, the result cannot fail to be successful.

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